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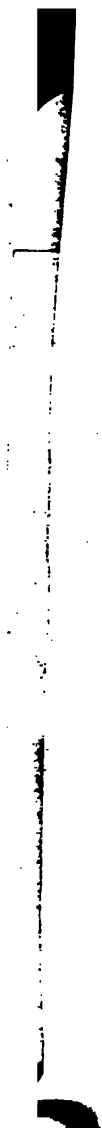


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22





Elizabeth Welch Fanning  
THREE FRIENDS' FANCIES.

"When each by turn was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech."

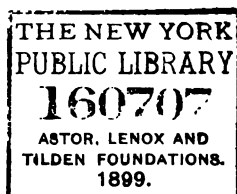
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1880.



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# CONTENTS.

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## VERSES BY E. W. B. :

	PAGE
On Latmos . . . . .	9
Despair . . . . .	12
The Death of Dickens . . . . .	13
The Modern Knight . . . . .	15
The Rain . . . . .	18
Easter . . . . .	18
The Valkyria . . . . .	20
Moving the World . . . . .	22
Harvest . . . . .	24
These Starry Hours . . . . .	25
Christmas Bells . . . . .	27
Savannah . . . . .	29
On Returning a Mended Fan . . . . .	31
The Origin of Maize . . . . .	32
Nature versus Cremation . . . . .	35
A Child's Cry . . . . .	35
Fragment . . . . .	36
Amabel . . . . .	36
Sonnet to Poe . . . . .	38
Lines on a Grave-Mound . . . . .	39
Cry of the Commune . . . . .	40
Good-Friday . . . . .	42
Winter Song for the Hearth . . . . .	43
Winged Love . . . . .	45
Bien-Gantée . . . . .	46
The End of a Dynasty . . . . .	47
<i>If thy Heart fail Thee, climb not at all</i> . . . . .	48

	PAGE
Night and Sleep . . . . .	50
Calm . . . . .	51
De Profundis . . . . .	53
Beyond . . . . .	54
The Palace of Tears . . . . .	55
The Confederate Dead . . . . .	59
An Angel Unawares . . . . .	61
The Heart's Desire . . . . .	62
VERSES BY J. C. :	
Scotland . . . . .	67
A Web of Tatting . . . . .	71
After the Epidemic . . . . .	74
Falling Leaves . . . . .	76
Margaret on the Shore . . . . .	77
Love and Grief . . . . .	82
"Thou shalt Call and I will Answer Thee" . . . . .	91
A Tribute . . . . .	93
Shaped to Music . . . . .	96
A Sunday-Child . . . . .	96
What the Sprite sang to the Magnolia . . . . .	98
The Daisy . . . . .	99
After Death . . . . .	99
The Gift of Grief . . . . .	100
Immortal . . . . .	101
Genius . . . . .	103
VERSES BY E. A. G. C. :	
Sea-Song . . . . .	109
To — . . . . .	110
Twilight Visitings . . . . .	111
At Sunset . . . . .	113
Holly . . . . .	114
Shadows . . . . .	115
Death . . . . .	116
"Pluie des Perles" . . . . .	117
Coming of the May . . . . .	119
The Death of a Noble Cause . . . . .	120
An Invocation . . . . .	122
The Old and the New . . . . .	123
Sighing for Leaves . . . . .	125

*CONTENTS.*

5

PAGE

Song . . . . .	127
Good-Night . . . . .	128
" At the Gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful" .	130
A Lost Friend . . . . .	132
A Song in Spring . . . . .	134
Autumn Music . . . . .	135
Fragment . . . . .	135
Lament of Antony . . . . .	136

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works.

## VERSES BY E. W. B.

---

" Pansy—that's for thought."





## ON LATMOS.

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

WITH hunting nymphs, a starry train,  
I lead the chase o'er heaven's plain ;  
'Through many a lair of fog and rain,  
Through clear-washed azure space again,  
With beamy darts, each night's surprise,  
Flung down in clear lakes' fringed eyes,—  
Earth's Argus watch that glass each hour,  
Whose dark our silver quivers shower.

The while we chase through clear, cold heights,  
Far, far above earth's twinkling lights,  
Now fast dissolved in gathering darks,—  
Out, out ! ye puny, smoke-hued sparks !  
Our laughter of immortal glee  
Rewards your pigmy mockery !  
Through cloud, through snow-drift, and white fire,  
We hunt through heaven, nor pause, nor tire.

Hark ! from beneath a flute's sweet strain  
Sets tiptoe all my huntress train !  
My silver-sandalled feet move slow  
To hear its flow,—now loud, now low,  
Now piercing sweet, now cadenced clear,  
And fine as fay voice to the ear,  
Till my divining goddess eyes  
*The air's stirred wake trace down the skies,*

To see on Latmos' barren peak  
'The music's soul! Fair shepherd, speak!  
For thy flute's sake, and for a face  
Pale-lit with strange, appealing grace;  
I'll hear, though scarce such open look  
This haughty virgin heart can brook!  
Thy name seems known to me; 'tis one  
A flute might breathe,—Endymion!

The music mute? Nay, forward, chase!  
This mood's not mine. A shepherd's face,  
With mortal sorrow written there  
In mortal guise, however fair,  
Can ne'er have stayed me. 'Twas the tune  
So held my silver, tripping shoon  
Accordant, spell-bound. In this hush  
Is space for breath; then on we rush!

What binds my feet and chains my eyes  
Unwilling thus? Whose daring tries  
A strength immortal, born above;  
Shall Dian stoop to human love?  
Can this cold breast—Caucasus' snow—  
With aught of mortal-melting glow?  
On, on! what holds me? Like a wind,  
Sweep—sweep me hence, my virgins kind.

'Tis vain. Those eyes, so pleading bright,  
Compel my own, as light the light.  
One name storms fast my soul upon,—  
*Endymion, Endymion!*—

A snow-bright statue, bow half-drawn  
To slay, I stand, wrapt in the dawn  
Of some new sun, whose fire thaws  
*My heart and purpose in their pause.*

Is love—of human suffering born,—  
That love—my haughty spirit's scorn—  
So all-victorious, that it tries  
To scare me through a shepherd's eyes?  
What! is't so mighty? Does it gain  
Its potency through mortal pain?  
Hence, hindering fancies! Feet, begone!  
Pursue me not, Endymion!

My strength dissolves like morning dew;  
His eyes' magnetic lightnings through  
The night draw fast. From rift to rift  
Of clouds, a gleaming shape, I drift,  
To touch bald Latmos' peak upon,  
Beside thee, O Endymion!  
I yield me to thy grief's demand;  
I feel the clasp of mortal hand.

I know the thrill of heart to heart,  
No more as world and world apart  
In orbits separate to move,  
For heaven and earth are fused by love.  
Has Dian stooped, by this one kiss,  
To forfeit all her goddess bliss?  
Oh, wind, that sighs this hill upon,—  
*Endymion, Endymion!*  
Make answer: "Never so before;  
Immortal now for evermore!"

## DESPAIR.

DARKEST of demons, infesting the world,  
Falsest of fiends in the red ruin hurled  
Down the pit of the fallen ! Detestable shade,  
Traitor forever to mortals betrayed,  
    Back to thy lair ;  
    Hence, grim Despair !

Shall the God-fearing among us fear thee ?  
Back to thy night in the fathomless sea  
Of death and destruction ! Obtrude not thy face,  
Pallid with fear and deep-lined with disgrace ;  
    Haunt not the air,  
    Ghastly Despair !

Is evil without, drawn by evil within ?  
Spirit of grace, who canst wash away sin,  
Snow-water bring us, tears contrite to cleanse ;  
Drive the unclean to his low-lurking fens.  
    Pure love and prayer,  
    Banish Despair !

Shall we who trust Good, her fair altars now level,  
Unbelievers in Christ, to believe in a devil ?  
By each flower dew-eyed that looks out of the sod,—  
The tender and gracious handwriting of God ;  
    *Type of His care ;*  
    *Flout we, Despair !*

By each bird that soars to the heights of the blue,  
Whose far-streaming chant like an arrow darts through  
The quick of the soul with its keen thrill of praise ;  
By each ray of sunshine inweaving our days,  
Cry we, "Beware !  
Yield, O Despair !"

---

## THE DEATH OF DICKENS.

THE lightning flashed beneath the wave,  
Across the melancholy main,  
(E'er moaning o'er earth's treasure-grave  
A universal dirge of pain) ;  
The lightning flashed ! and shook the hand  
Of him who caught its message dread,  
To hurl it o'er a shrinking land,—  
"A star is set ; a prince is dead !"

A star whose glow the palace knew  
And cottage loved ; a kindly light,  
Whose beam, Ithuriel's spear, smote through  
Those ill-twinning giants, Wrong and Might.  
A prince 'mid princes ; one whose sway  
No single land or nation owned,  
For broad his realms, as those of day  
On heights of noontide glory throned.

And still, where'er the current flows,  
From lowly vale or mountain spring,  
E'er mingling, widening, as it goes  
To a main, whose mystic waters sing

Of mind eternal ; where'er leaps  
 The quick pulse of humanity,  
 And, warmed by every life-throb, keeps  
 The heart its native impulse free ;

Where'er the starry spark of soul  
 Mysterious beautifies the eye,  
 And thrills to feel the weird control  
 Of kindred fire,—his kingdoms lie.  
 Behold the mocking cynic doff  
 His sneering wont and gravely bend,—  
 And, see! the jester's mask is off!  
 Humanity has lost a friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The old, old fashion !” Oh, thou lip  
 Still eloquent, though calm comprest  
 In marble sleep! Our poor tongues trip  
 And stammer o'er thy place of rest,  
 Till thine own words unbidden come,  
 Like flowers that wreathe this pavement cold,  
 And steal their perfume through the hum  
 Of city noise about us rolled.

The while a vision fair and blest  
 We seem to see: hand linked in hand,  
 And pure eyes meeting as in quest  
 Of sympathy, thy children stand ;  
 And, hark ! Nell speaks to little Paul,—  
 Ah ! sweet the cherub words exprest,  
 As soft the child-like accents fall,—  
 “The old, old fashion is the best !”

“*The old, old fashion is the best !*”  
*And down the Abbey-shadows dim,*

As if by angel-choirs confest,  
The words float grandly, like a hymn,  
"Forever and forever blest."  
The cherub-lips repeat again,  
"The old, old fashion is the best,"  
And through our tears we breathe Amen.

---

*THE MODERN KNIGHT.*

WHOSE is no more the stately tread,  
The gravely courteous mien,  
The linkéd mail, and helméd head,  
The blade of Syrian sheen !  
His walks, the common ways of men,  
The field, or haunt of trade ;  
His arms, the ledger and the pen,  
The ploughshare and the spade.

Whose splendor is no more the sun  
Of courts,—the proud array  
In spurs of knighthood, wildly won  
Through some fierce-fought affray ;  
His dress, as sober to the glance  
As autumn's brown leaf, hies  
Unnoticed on each breeze of chance,  
Or wind of enterprise.

Who coolly scans his fellow-man  
With philosophic eye,  
Converses calmly,—conscious when  
To smile and when to sigh ;




Nor tilts at wind-mills !—saves his breath  
To name them with a sneer ;  
Macgregor on his native heath  
From him has naught to fear.

Who rides no more through forest dim  
With half-drawn sword, and prayer  
Upon his lip, or holy hymn  
To ward off evil there ;  
But steps with dainty footfall down  
The church's velvet aisle,  
And sees her emblems, cross and crown,  
With self-sufficient smile.

Whose chivalry to all the weak  
Is proofless ;—who can cheat  
The widow poor and orphan meek,  
And all their woes complete ;  
Whose highest aim is self,—whose laugh  
Greets wrong,—who frowns at right,—  
Who bows before the Golden Calf,—  
Is this the modern knight ?

Nay ! He who loves not his own age,  
With all its faults of kind,  
May rank as critic, or as sage,  
But leaves all love behind ;  
For human hearts since Adam beat  
With pulses still the same ;  
And change—which Time must ever meet—  
Is half—a change of name.

And loyal truth, pure knighthood's best,  
A *bright-twin*ed star, still lies  
(*Best aid to faith on earth, confest*)  
*Revealed* in human eyes ;



What though the Age's mockery lurk  
Upon the lip,—words can  
But challenge smiles when noble work  
Proclaims the cynic—man !

And ancient chivalry lives yet !  
Deny it ye who may,  
Your cheeks with passion tears still wet,  
In memory of a day  
When thrilled his loud alarum, Mars,  
And glowed each latent spark,  
Until a martyr's cross of stars  
O'er blazed his 'scutcheon dark.

Ay, evil is this weary world,  
And black her dreary trace  
(The serpent shade behind her curled  
As on she moves through space),  
But good is stronger yet than ill ;  
Against the dark strives light,  
And rides life's tossing billows still,  
Heaven's winged triumphant knight.

And though no accolade of sword  
Feels now on shoulder bowed,  
The man whose spirit, as whose word,  
To noble deeds is vowed,—  
Eyes, piercing yet the dusty haze  
Of this swift age, flash bright  
Denial of "degenerate days,"—  
To see the modern knight.

## THE RAIN.

It comes down drearily. The leaden clouds  
Are freighted like full hearts with sorrow. Weep!  
Ay, weep, and weep, and weep! Earth's flocking  
crowds,  
Her slopes descending to death's final sleep,  
Are with you in your grief. Their pulses throb  
In melancholy time to the monotone  
Of your low voices. Winds that gasp and sob  
In gusty passion, soon on wet wings flown,  
Deep answering chords of wailing seem to wake  
In our immortal-longing, mortal breasts. All woe  
How man responds to, from his fallen estate!  
And yet the soul, divinely moved, may break  
Its mists, and see a sunborn rainbow glow,  
And hear Faith cry, "No woe is desperate!"

---

## EASTER.

THE LORD is risen!  
Break forth exultant earth in singing!  
The joyful news, in anthems ringing  
From mountain-top o'er ocean billow,  
Through forest aisle and whispering willow,  
That bends to kiss the churchyard pillow,  
Where slumber "broken" is decreed:  
*For Christ the Lord is risen!*  
*Risen indeed!*

The Lord is risen !  
The grave hath given up its sleeper,  
Nor sealing rock, nor Roman keeper  
Can close again the bursten portal,  
When Life proclaims itself immortal.  
Pale watching Mary, lonely weeper,  
No more thy love with sorrow feed :  
For Christ the Lord is risen !  
Risen indeed !

The Lord is risen !  
Pour out, fair flower, your fragrance sweetest,  
Rise up, bright bird, on wing the fleetest,  
And sing to heaven's four winds the story,  
Till earth be filled with praise and glory.  
Time now distils from pinions hoary  
A cordial for all hearts that bleed :  
For Christ the Lord is risen !  
Risen indeed !

The Lord is risen !  
Oh, powers of darkness in high places,  
Who lean your evil, watchful faces  
O'er man's sad race with thoughts vainglorious,—  
Shrink back ! There sounds a step victorious,  
Whose way no Calvary retraces !  
Divine it comes, from bondage freed ;  
Captivity, to captive lead—  
For Christ the Lord is risen !  
Risen indeed !

The Lord is risen !  
To break our earthly, sin-forged fetters,  
*To write in ever-shining letters*

On marble, stained with years of weeping,  
This truth (our hearts its witness keeping,  
With awful joy and pulses leaping),  
Angelic words of mortal creed,—

Lo ! Christ the Lord is risen !

Risen indeed !

---

### THE VALKYRIA.

THE moon is full ; her silver shield  
Hangs o'er the silver snow,  
Above in a glittering azure field,  
With the glittering earth below.  
For the Frost King's hordes in diamond mail,  
Thick—bristling, set the plain  
Against yon host, like glorious hail,  
High heaven's unnumbered train.

Nature in frozen fires becalmed,  
A wondrous statue pale ;  
In cerements of ice embalmed,—  
Dread Freyr ! cased in mail,  
Death-stark and mute,—yet hark ! a wind  
Seems rising. Lo ! the chained  
And dumb-mouthed forests utterance find :  
“ Valkyria ! They come ! ”

And up the north, from Odin's halls,  
The warrior virgins ride,  
*Burst forth from gray Valhalla's walls*  
*An ever-rising tide.*

Their banners red, their wild, loosed hair,  
Like spun gold, streaming back,  
Shower rose and amber through the air,  
Athwart their purple track.

White wastes are stained, as if all heaven  
One grand cathedral vast,  
Lit suddenly, illumed the even  
Through windows gorgeous glassed ;  
But far too weird and wild such light  
For calm cathedral's glow.  
Blue burnished blades, red lances bright,  
Seem clashing o'er the snow.

What seek those war-clad maids who stream,  
Like fierce-flashed meteors o'er  
The fields of morn and starry gleam  
From yon pale northern shore ?  
They search the skies to seize the souls  
Of braves in battle slain.  
Great Odin's nod their horde controls :  
They harvest for his train.

They gather warriors true and tried  
In many an earthly fight,  
For Valhal's courts, the martial pride  
There ranked in phalanx bright,  
Awaiting that last strife, when risen,—  
Once more, alas ! unbound,—  
The evil Titans burst their prison  
With dread, volcanic sound.

Oh, wondrous band of Amazons,  
Whose glittering spears search high,

Like sudden morn-enkindled suns,  
The labyrinthine sky,  
All hail ! Now streams back brighter far  
Than all your ranks enroll,  
Your treasure-trove, that deathless star,  
A freed, heroic soul !

Now all your flashing braveries quail,  
Your lances backward blown,  
To set a lurid halo pale  
Round northern Odin's throne.  
But still the boreal billows sing  
Your mystic triumphs' rune,  
Valkyria ! Vast Valhalla's ring !  
And war's red harvest moon !

---

## MOVING THE WORLD.

AH, man yet thirsts for power,—the power  
To charm the ear with song,  
To fire the eye with beauty's blaze,  
Still dreaming Art is long ;  
To bear the soul on floating wing  
Down that majestic stream, whose spring  
Was Helicon, whose seething whirled  
The fancies of an elder world.

Alas ! though Music soothe the ear,  
And fall on grief like balm,  
*Though high-wrought Painting thrill and fill  
The soul with nature's calm,*

And Poesy, with mission high,  
Dispersing lightnings of the sky,  
An Ariel, ride the storm-clouds curled,  
All strive in vain to move the world,—

The careless world! it rushes by  
With blunted ear and eye,  
Nor stays to hear the charmer's song,  
Nor pauses to descry  
The beauty limned by brush or pen ;  
Art sadly walks the haunts of men,  
Her wide and starry pinions furled,  
Despairing of a sordid world.

A greater one there needs must be  
To do what Art's great Three  
Attempting, fail. Lo! with clear eye,  
Fixed on th' effulgent sky,  
Stands Faith,—a mighty angel, strong  
To overcome, to whom belong  
Fair glimpses through heaven's portals pearled ;  
Yet even she moves not the world.

With joy-lit look inspiring, leans  
Upon her anchor, Hope,—  
Is hers the strength secure, serene,  
With this vain earth's to cope  
And conquer? Hers the royal stand,  
Proud mistress of the sea and land,  
Proclaiming to each star unfurled  
Her power to move a stubborn world?

Not so, oh, heavenly comforter,  
The lever is not thine.



A mightier cometh, bathed in light,  
Like sacramental wine.  
He stoops to heal ; He bends to bless,  
The powers of darkness all confess  
Him Lord,—from out His pathway hurled,  
And Love triumphant rules the world.

---

## H A R V E S T.

'Tis the rare, ripe time o'er the year  
The land is heavily fruited,  
And the chirped delight of the birds we hear  
On every zephyr bruited.

Frail flowers have shrunk from the kiss  
Of the sun, too ardent grown.  
On the bed where the red rose breathed its bliss,  
The dahlia stands alone.

By the fence the hollyhocks nod ;  
And a straggling rustic file,  
With faces turned to their dazzling god,  
The sunflowers broadly smile.

The flowers are soulless now,  
For the subtle charm of their breath  
Has gone with the bloom of the April bough  
And the fair May's faded wreath.

But a fuller fragrance loads  
The orchard atmosphere,  
*And the farmer's wain on the dusty roads  
Is sweet with the spoils of the year.*

The apple's glowing cheek  
Hangs over the garden wall,  
And the creaking boughs of the peach-trees speak  
The pride that warns of fall.

The purple grapes are borne  
Rejoicing to the press,  
While the tasselled fields of yellow corn  
Yield up their plenteousness.

Thy blushing draught lift up,  
O Nature! for o'erbrims  
Its living wine, and round the cup  
Begin thy harvest hymns.

Ay, sing the harvest hymn  
Of thankfulness and trust,  
While tears of joy your eyes bedim,  
For toilers of the dust!

Earth's curse to blessedness  
By man's long patience grows;  
And Faith proclaims, "The wilderness  
Shall blossom like the rose."

---

### THESE STARRY HOURS.

Now in yon deep'ning azure field  
The kindly stars outshine,  
And light the earth's gray-shadowed shield  
With beauty half divine.

Their bright hosts marshal in the skies,  
Day's last red banner furled,  
To watch with steady sent'nel eyes  
The silent, sleeping world.

These starry hours reflected lie  
On glassy lake and river,  
And smile to hear old ocean cry,  
"Forever and forever."  
The ancient hills they crown with glory,  
And as in pity lave  
With silver light the wrecks of story,  
That mark the dead Past's grave.

These starry hours, the cooling dews  
Refresh the thirsting earth ;  
The sprites their air-poised stations choose,  
To wait the blossom's birth ;  
The stream sings louder, for it hath  
No vexing rival sound,  
As when rude day hums o'er its path,  
And jars the echoes round.

These starry hours, the quiet dead  
Rest well, though Grief would fain  
Invoke their shades from churchyard bed  
To soothe her yearning pain.  
They rest, and better far than those  
In life's dream-ridden sleep,  
Who, stung by cares that mock repose,  
Oft waken but to weep.

*These starry hours, earth's mournful song  
Lifts up on wind and sea :*

“How long, oh, mercy’s God ! how long  
Shall sin and suff’ring be ?”  
And bending with its brooding calm  
O’er valley, plain, and hill,  
Heaven’s silence answers, breathing balm,  
“O Earth, be patient still !”

---

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

CHIME, bells of Christmas, chime !  
Far o’er the frosty rime,  
The wintry centuries crown !  
While near,  
From tower and belfry brown,  
In many a tone rung down,  
We hear  
The farewell of the Year.  
Hark ! still  
Repeating without cease,  
“Good will,”  
“Good will,”  
“Good will and peace.”

Chime, bells of Christmas, chime !  
Ye bring the happy time  
When Christ the Lord was born,  
So near,  
That with the Shepherd throng  
The Angel’s joyful song  
We hear,

The blessing of the Year.  
Hark ! still  
The heavenly tones increase,  
    “ Good will,”  
    “ Good will,”  
    “ Good will and peace.”

Chime, bells of Christmas, chime !  
Hearts callous grown in crime  
Shall feel a thrill of awe  
    And fear,  
As from your silver throats,  
Rung out in earnest notes,  
    They hear  
The warning of the Year.  
Hark ! still  
A sound that will not cease,  
    “ Good will,”  
    “ Good will,”  
    “ Good will and peace.”

Chime, bells of Christmas, chime !  
Prophetic and sublime  
Your voices thunder down,  
    Full, clear,  
From tower and belfry brown,  
City and country's crown,  
    We hear  
The promise of the Year !  
Hark ! still,  
In tones that cannot cease,  
    “ Good will,”  
    “ Good will,”  
    “ Good will and peace.”

## SAVANNAH.

1875.

At early morning gray, I passed in streets  
Where silence reigned. A light wind shed the sweets  
Of dew-fresh orange-flowers and roses through  
The leafy arches of each avenue.  
Where'er I turned, long ranks of stately trees  
Made vistas, where tost to and fro the breeze,  
Like the shuttle of some morning-woven dream,  
Its mingled warp of shadow and of gleam.

And ever and anon a grassy square  
Made beautiful the way, or sprayed the air  
With fountain foam, or throned a lovely mound  
With ivy dark, and blue-bloomed myrtle wound ;  
Or raised some monumental shaft on high,  
The index of a deathless memory.

Far back on the river's breast, thronged mast on mast,  
Black-lined stems, a grove at anchor, glassed  
'Twixt crystal elements, above, below,  
Like some mirage seen down the dual row  
Of sentry trees, that whispered each to each  
Some watchword musical, transcending speech.

I reached the city park, and passed between  
Twin Sphinxes at the entrance, guard serene  
Of its broad gravel-walk, whose centre broke  
*To circling water-play and fountain-smoke*

In a basin rarely wreathed, as if its flowers  
Were blown through its Triton horns 'mid silver showers.


Tall pines and live-oaks, trees of varied bloom,  
O'erarched each winding path with pleasant gloom ;  
Here gnarled cacti sprang, there hillocks tied  
With vines, or wakeful mounds wide pansy-eyed ;  
And peering through a latticed arbor's haze,  
I met, with a start, the captive eagle's gaze.

Dropt on a rustic seat, I faced the bound,  
In iron traced, that veiled, not hid, the ground  
Beyond, a treeless, meadow-like expanse,  
Well fitted to its uses at the glance,—  
With one mid monument to solemn shade  
The living columns that should there parade.

A tribute to the dead ! No straight shaft plain,  
But from the base a gradual upward wane  
Of polished brownstone, by a capped roof graced,  
On pillars four uplifted, 'neath which placed  
A statued Silence stands with finger set  
On lip, and droopt head imaging regret.

Above is Justice with her closed scroll,  
With looks unread, yet full of calm control,—  
A marble mystery ! O sphinx, unfold  
To us thy riddle ere our hearts grow cold !  
Inscrutable, a carven cloud of white,  
Thou standest 'gainst the blue, the infinite.

*O Forest City ! dear to many a heart,  
The exile from thy shades is still a part*



Of thee ; thy whispering through his dreams he hears ;  
 Thy spires prismatic shine athwart his tears,—  
 The golden city of his pilgrim dreams,—  
 More sweet and real than life and fortune seems.

---

ON RETURNING A MENDED FAN.

You say that I broke this. A lady  
 Must not be gainsaid. Even so.  
 Yet for once I'll your memory fady  
 Revive. It was some nights ago,

When my fair friend, whose fiats are reckoned  
 By fashion, "undoubtedly right,"  
 With a gest of her white finger, beckoned  
 Me under the chandelier's light.

There she stood in a group of youth dorée,  
 The ball's star, with golden-rayed head,  
 Some beams of her sovereign glory  
 On me not unwilling to shed.

Half tired of the dance, and all weary  
 Of the Babel of Vanity Fair,  
 I approached with a mien rather dreary,  
 And offered a tête-à-tête chair.

Did I fancy her vext with the folly  
 Of the flattering fools in her train ?  
 Not so !—and the mute melancholy  
 Of the old slave she thought to retain.



And his silent contempt of the others  
By that quiet gesture implied,—  
She resented. A wrath which scarce smothers  
Its flame at the bidding of pride

Down o'er her fair forehead fell low'ring,  
As swiftly it turned on the man  
So presuming a look, from whose glow'ring  
He shrank. Ah! that tap of the fan

Was needless. Its ivory laces  
Were broken, like cobweb, to tell  
That no longer the net of her graces  
Should spread for such rebels. 'Tis well.

Ay, resolve so, ma belle, for vainly  
You'll seek the old charm to renew  
That I felt in you once, and too plainly  
Revealed when I fancied you—true!


For I swear that whatever you've broken,  
Of heart, or of life's cherished plan,  
(May this note of farewell be the token!)  
'Tis mended—with this mended fan.

---

## THE ORIGIN OF MAIZE.

### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

IN the days when the grand, old woods untamed  
Stood erect in the sunset's red,  
*Or besprinkled the rushing floods unnamed*  
*With the bloom of their summer's dead,*



Lived a maid in a hunter's lodge, as fair  
As a flower of the forest rude,  
And as free as the free, untroubled air  
Of its infinite solitude.

Now, a spirit whose haunt was the river-shore.  
Oft caressing her slender feet,  
Saw the maiden with love, as her face bent o'er  
The waves of his winding-sheet,  
And so limpid and sweet her beauteous eyes,  
Whence her innocent soul outshone,  
That the god of the stream with vapory sighs  
Swore the maiden to be his own.

Then he twined his brow with the dripping weed  
And the water-lily fair,  
And in desperate mood for a daring deed  
Sprang erect from his liquid lair ;  
Like a startled gazelle the maid leaped back  
'Neath the forest's sheltering wing,  
With the flight of a fawn, when fierce hounds track,  
She escaped from the flood's bold king.

But the sons of the gods are fleetier far  
Than the daughters of mortal kind.  
With the rush of a meteoric star  
He pursues, though she flies like wind ;  
Now a bend of the stream her path bars o'er,  
In her fear she has run towards death !  
Close behind her, the god of that fatal shore,—  
And she shivers to feel his breath.

And she panted a prayer to Manitou,  
With the cry that surpasses creeds

In the hour of despair, and swift she flew  
To a bower of river reeds.  
And their stems all closely about her wound  
As she swayed in their shivering storm,  
When, behold ! in their light embraces bound  
She is changed to another form.

Root her feet in the earth while her rounded arms  
Into banner-like leaves are grown,  
And a tapering stalk, her heart yet warms,  
May be seen with its fringed top blown ;  
Half the silk of her hair, sheaved 'round the pearls  
Just flashed from her last smile's scorn,  
Now the kernels of milk, the dainty whorls  
Of a beautiful ear of corn.

Thus arrested, the god his chaplet flings  
On the waves of his subject stream,  
And its murmuring current sweetly sings  
A lament for his vanished dream.  
Then his passionate spirit, by love betrayed,  
Is dissolved into dewy sprays,  
To adorn with a crown of tears the maid  
Metamorphosed to tender maize.

But as long as the rivers scorn the chain  
Of their future and white-faced kings,  
And as long as the pale moons wax and wane  
O'er a forest, like shadowing wings,  
As the moccasined foot of the red man strays  
Where his bannered fields unfurl,  
Will he liken the rustling of the maize  
To the flight of a timid girl.

## NATURE VERSUS CREMATION.

SUBLIMELY patient mother! teaching now,  
As ever, from illuminated scroll  
Abloom with stars and flowers, thy laws. Oh, thou  
Whose lessons wake, and fain would nurture soul  
To giant growth, but that the wayward Will  
Once serpent-charmed, their gentle truth defies,  
To read in dust the serpent's wisdom still,—  
Shunning the light divine of thy clear eyes,—  
Now man would snatch the soul-deserted shell,  
Thy hand that shaped from clay, would slow return  
To dust in gradual season, and lay waste  
Its haunted cell with flames of horror! Well,  
O Love and Grief, your tears may flow, while burn  
Such funeral altars of unseemly haste.

---

## A CHILD'S CRY.

It cries aloud, the little child;  
Blue eyes rain o'er with tears  
(Storm in a nut-shell kindled wild,—  
The embryo storm of years).

It cries aloud, expends its woe  
In grief's emphatic sound;  
Our later cries turn inward so  
To deepen life's deep wound.

It cries aloud, till soothing comes  
That answers and relieves ;  
Our pride, that later grief benumbs  
To silence, so bereaves.

Yet, oh ! the cry unheard of man  
May swifter rise to ears  
Unheedful never in the plan  
That sends the heart its tears.

For we His children are,—held still  
Against His Father breast ;  
He knows our pangs without our will,  
And hushes them to rest.

---

## FRAGMENT.

WHAT says the autumn sigh  
Of the singing, whispering wind ?  
“ All things wither and all things die,  
For man has sinned.”  
O wind,  
That bearest to us this sorrowful lay,  
Bear us from sin and death away.

---

## AMABEL.

A SLENDER wind-swayed form ; an opal face,  
Now pale, now flushed,—transfigured by each grace  
*Of fancy and of feeling ; eyes gold-gray,*  
*Like lakes i' the lull of storms, yet shot with ray*

Of sudden lightning when th' electric hour  
Awaked a soul surcharged with magnet power.

You saw not this at first. An impress vague,  
Once meeting her, grew phantom-like to plague  
The memory with its picture indistinct  
Of something to which interest was linkt  
Indissolubly, but why, the reason vexed  
Itself resolving, and remained perplexed.

There was no rich attire, no studied style,  
Catching the eye with tricks that half beguile,  
Half aid remembrance. Neutral-tinted brown  
To Indian-summer haziness toned down  
Her simple costume, yet it drew the mind  
With the mystery of beauty undefined.

Again I met her, in the social throng.  
Some harmony like Mendelssohnic song  
Was in her dress of misty gray; her mien  
So soft and childlike, but so like a queen  
When turned on some false flatterer in her train,  
It smote him with its still and fine disdain.

Then at the opera I saw arise  
The April soul of music in her eyes,  
Now widening them like sun-waked flowers, again  
Softening their lustre with a shadowy rain,  
Until my own for sympathy became  
The mirrors of their varying cloud and flame.

At church, a kneeling statue tranced in calm,  
*She lingered*, drinking as of Gilead's balm,

So thankful and adoring was the face  
That seemed to seek and find the fount of grace,  
So full of seraph love the look that turned  
On the cross that high in the chancel-window burned.

Once more we met, my heart oppressed with care,  
And grief's dejection brooding in my air,  
For the moment unconcealed by manhood's pride ;  
Then saw I, as in sleep, her vision glide  
Beside me, moved with selfless sympathies,  
Whose healing rays the deep source of my sighs  
Felt to the centre with a sudden thrill,  
Then, magically lulled to rest, grew still !

A woman half an angel ! low I said  
Unto the heart so subtly comforted ;  
I thought of Jacob, when through sorrow's dream  
His heavenly ladder stretched with wings agleam !  
An angel half a woman ! for replies  
To my uplifted, love-imploing eyes,  
Where leaps the soul, that fate may no more crush  
The sudden, sweet confusion of a blush.

---

SONNET TO POE.

OH, poet soul, wild tossing in the weird  
Of life's great mysteries, of passions blent,  
And mixed with that white, vaporous drop attent  
(Once Shakspeare saw it in the moon ensphered),  
Dropped from its hollow caves mayhap the tear  
*Of some lost spirit, lost and yearning ever*  
*Back to the scene of earth's frustrate endeavor,*

Condemned and exiled far from hope and fear !  
 Oh, poet heart, in elements combined  
 Of strength and weakness dear shalt thou remain,  
 While human woes claim fellowship with pain,  
 And spirit-suffering dominate the mind ;  
 Thine epitaph (by passion's sigh breathed low  
 Eternally) *infelix Edgar Poe !*

---

LINES ON A GRAVE-MOUND.

EXHIBITED AT A FAIR.

SISTE viator ! Stranger pause !  
 The sternest one of nature's laws  
 Claims tribute at the craftsman's will  
 In this, the end of human skill.

Through all the bustle of the crowd,  
 Through fanfarons of trumpets loud,  
 Through dust of trampling hoofs, that flies  
 In clouds to vex the unclouded skies.

From stall to stall, where glittering shows  
 The panoramic trades disclose,—  
 Jostled by earth's vast brotherhood,—  
 Caught in a net of bad and good,—

Moved constantly,—now stay to breathe,—  
 Let yon wild, wanton waves that wreathe  
 Their human spray in myriad forms,—  
*Here strand* you safe awhile from storms.



Behold this mound ! 'Tis naught, and yet  
Tears, costlier than the diamond, wet  
Such work ! 'Tis nothing,—still this span  
Is man's epitome of man.

This concave arch is set with shells,—  
Those genii-prisons of the sea,  
Whose plaintive whispering foretells  
Some change and wondrous mystery.

The pulse beats slow, the awe-struck mind  
To one weird image is resigned.  
It sees, and life abates its breath,  
Through all the masks—the mask of Death.

Of old, 'mid revels in the East,  
A skeleton oppressed the feast,—  
And mirth yet rings in charnel air,  
For, lo ! a grave-mound at the fair !


Yet though dissolves, like mortal breath,  
All other shows, this show of death,—  
Take courage ! Past the grave's control  
Floats free that breath divine,—the soul !

---

### CRY OF THE COMMUNE.

“WHO HAVE NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY.”

BROTHERS of houses palatial,  
Who on the broad boulevards walk  
*Complacent*, each lineament facial  
*Retroussé* with sneers, as you talk



Of *canaille*, those wretches, who, haggard,  
With lowering brows, eyes askance,  
In hate for your love, are not laggard,—  
Brave gallants in death's dreadful dance.

Brothers, whose sweethearts flaunt gayly  
Their silks in the sheen of the sun ;  
Brothers, whose pleasures live daily  
When our wretched labor's begun ;  
Where trumpet and string-tongued, sweetly  
Falls music like wine on the ear  
Inebriate drinking, while fleetly,  
Feet tripping its measures appear.

Brothers, whose eyes glow and soften  
To melting, those eyes looking in  
Uplifted to meet them, full often,  
Meshed deep in the love-toils within.  
How hard are your glances, how cruel,  
Confronted by misery's face !  
False love void of pity ! Oh, jewel  
Of true love, where hideth thy grace ?

Brothers, the Man of all sorrows,  
Acquainted with grief, did not turn  
From us, although thorn-piercé morrows  
He saw in His path, nor did spurn  
The hand of the wretch, howe'er griméd  
With filth of the gutter. His palm  
Outstretchéd to bless. His touch timéd,  
The feverish pulses to calm.

Brothers, who kneel on white marble  
O'erstained with iridescent glow,

## GOOD-FRIDAY.

Who praying with mockery garble,  
 By earth's passions tost to and fro,  
 Behold, where yon censer has shifted  
 Its vaporous incense, just where  
 Yon cross i' the chancel's uplifted,  
 Reproachfully lifted in air.

Behold it, sublime in its anguish,  
 Divine with the weight of its woes ;  
 Behold it, and let your hearts languish  
 With shame for the contrast it shows.  
 One glance of such pity expended  
 To warm us,—sweet charity's wine,—  
 One tithe of the love there extended,  
 We'll worship in you,—His divine !

---

## GOOD-FRIDAY.

DARKNESS at noon on earth !  
 Night deeper than hung o'er the birth  
 Of Him doomed here to die ;  
 For then the glorious Eastern Star  
 Rode high o'erhead, proclaiming far  
 The Mighty Prince of Peace to be ;  
 Here, see,—  
 His throne on Calvary.

Scornful the faces 'round,—  
 A fierce, deep hatred here has bound  
*The gentle Teacher, Him, whose law*  
*Of love thrills haughtiest souls with awe,*

---

And circles Him in this dread hour,  
When pure Love's all-sustaining power  
A moment leaves Him, and His cry  
Of desolation sounds,—

“Oh, why,  
My God, hast Thou forsaken me?”

The spirit flies its tenement,  
All earth's foundations shake !  
The graves are opened and walk forth  
The pallid dead,—awake !  
The temple's veil is rent in twain,—  
Ay ! “it is finished !”—all things duly,—  
Hear Rome's centurion proclaim  
With quaking heart and proud head bent,  
While round him Judah's mountains nod  
With awful and sublime assent,—  
“Truly  
This was the Son of God !”

---

## WINTER SONG FOR THE HEARTH.

THE wind blows cold !  
Old winter's all in silver stoled,  
But then he has a heart of gold !

Of fiery gold !  
On every hearth it throbs and glows,  
And all the world its comfort knows.

The snow falls fast,—  
The air is thick with whirling ghosts,—  
Star spirits fluttering down in hosts.

The short day's past,—  
The children court the ruby flame  
That crowns King Log of fabled name,

And nut-shells cast  
Upon his breast—fay goblets fine,  
That fill with light like sapphire wine.

While apples roast,  
And little feet grow "warm as toast"  
Upon the mild Pacific coast

Skirting the fire,  
Whose waves leap ever brighter through  
That Afrite throat,—the chimney-flue.

Papa's great chair  
And anchoring slippers now await  
Their customary nightly freight.

And opposite, there,  
With basket, thimble, needle, yarn,  
And stockings all laid out to darn,

Is home's sweet stay !  
Full well we know, without her, all  
The fabric of our home would fall,

All hearts give way,  
And winter's hearth lose all its cheer  
Without the mother sitting near.

**WINGED LOVE.**

IF Love were but as mortals paint,  
A mortal god, but half divine,  
Ours then might be the mock, the feint,  
The poisoned draught of passion's wine.

But take the bandage from his eyes,—  
The sins of mortals bound it there,—  
And all the light of heaven lies  
Within their depths celestial, fair.

Too steady e'er to know a change ;  
Too pure for aught of passion's stain ;  
Too fair for mortal's dazzled range  
Of sight to encounter without pain.

Alas ! and born with wings, but ne'er,  
Like butterfly, with them to rove.  
So Fancy paints in idle air ;  
Not such—not such is real Love.

But winged for upward flight from earth,  
A moment poised in lower air,  
He leaves the faithless in their dearth  
To learn from loss the power of prayer.

## BIEN-GANTÉE.


AN exquisite shade of the morning's  
Pearl gray,—a hand cased *à ravir* !  
To speak of a woman's adornings  
One should be a Frenchman, 'tis clear.

A rosebud ensheathed not more closely,—  
The dust on a butterfly's wing  
Not more delicate tinted. Who knows the  
Fine phrase for so dainty a thing

As that hand in its glove? Touch of fingers  
So lightly encount'ring my own,  
(London-smoke sheathed for use) how it lingers  
When memories sterner are flown !

Then the dove-breasted palm softly shaded  
The clear deeps of violet eyes,  
By the sunlight, too, rudely invaded,  
And drowned in them, powerless to rise.

My heart fell. Oh, lovely hand gantée !  
Pearl-arched o'er those orbs drawing mine,  
With a glimpse of that Paradise Danté  
In Beatrice saw so divine.



THE END OF A DYNASTY.

1878. IN ZULULAND.

WHEN greatness stirs the dust called earth,  
And moulds it to heroic form,  
All nations feel its throes of birth,  
All elements to aid it storm.

Rocked in convulsion, wind and wave,  
When, comet-like, creating law,  
From island birth to island grave,  
Napoleon's course the People saw.

The Destiny called Bonaparte,  
That shook the European mind,  
Though greatest of earth's—least like to start  
For fear of greatness self-combined.

And ere this dazzling light could wane  
That glorious crowned th' Imperial throne,  
The thing called Race awoke again,  
A second Napoleon outshone.

In lesser radiance, perchance,  
Borrowing the state that wraps a Name,  
The Second, French,—the First was France,  
Ay, Europe, in his height of fame.

In gloom again this Light went down,  
Again in prison and exile set,  
But left its memory of renown  
To one young breast, an amulet.



To one young breast, the Bayard pure,  
 Of that doomed greatness, who should wear  
 Its violet stained, on heart so sure  
 With faith, 'twould turn to lily there.

Last of his dynasty, and best !  
 Oh, gentle Prince,—a world's regret,—  
 We lay upon thy place of rest  
 Love's real Imperial violet.

IF THY HEART FAIL THEE, CLIMB  
 NOT AT ALL.

QUEEN ELIZABETH ON A WINDOW.

FULL many a wight feels urgent need  
 Of some strong, fiery courser's speed,  
 To appease the "cabined, cribbed, confined,"  
 Yet vagrant longing of the mind  
 Called Fancy ! Still must he beware,  
 Nor summon forth from lightning lair,  
 Too rashly, that wind-wingéd steed,—  
 Flame-breathing Pegasus.

The deed  
 Once done,—poor Fancy once astride,  
 May dearly earn her eerie ride.  
 Not wilder the wild Huntsman's track,  
 With yelling hounds upon his back,  
 Across defiles of night and death,  
 With leaps that paralyze the breath,—  
*Through woods whence elfin shadows start*  
*To chill the life-blood 'round the heart ;*

Through floods whose waters lift up dread  
And dark, a shroud above the head !

Ah ! well his wrist needs firm control,  
And well must he possess his soul,  
Who dares such journey ! Surely knows  
Proud Pegasus, what hands may close  
Upon his mane,—hands whose strong grasp  
No skyey vaultings may unclasp !  
Too oft the rider rash he throws,  
As streaked through heaven his pathway glows,  
With star-dust struck from flying hoofs,—  
A sudden meteor o'er the roofs  
Of cities ;—through the drowsy air  
Of peaceful vales,—projectile rare  
Thrown in some Titan play of worlds !  
Then speeds the unhorsed to his fall,—  
Dropt cold on this terrestrial ball !—  
And yet, though all the timid jeer,  
Those home-kept wits, fast-leasht by fear,  
The dear delight of that one ride  
May warm the heart and nerve the pride  
To bear all taunts of ignorance  
In silence !

Failure in the glance  
That seeks the highest, well may be  
Far nobler than the power to see  
Earth's gilded dross successfully.

But some there are, who, fancy wild,  
Distraught, and readily beguiled,  
Mistake their "mount" (Hail ! British slang !).  
The Pegasus the poets sang  
Ne'er arched his neck to hear their call.

Deaf as an Eastern Djinn to all  
Who bear not the magician's stamp,  
The signet ring, or magic lamp  
As token that he must obey,  
He laughs to scorn their puny sway,  
And leaves them blind, deluded still,  
To grope around th' Olympian hill,  
And sees them ride without remorse,  
Safe sped, some valiant—hobby-horse !

---

## NIGHT AND SLEEP.

COME, night and sleep !  
Wind, wind your poppy wreaths about my brain,  
And drop their opiate dew upon my heart,  
Until it weep  
No more such tears for life and love and art ;—  
Reprieved from pain !

COME, Lethean loss,  
And closing dark, yet starry shot with gleams  
Of heaven, in those bright memories called dreams,—  
Mem'ries that keep  
The hues of hope, and rainbow-edgéd, sweep  
Sleep's sky across.

COME, nor delay,  
Dark gentle brethren, weirdly wrapt in calm,  
Press o'er these aching brows a restful palm,  
And hide, I pray,  
*From these tired eyeballs now the garish day.*

---

And while there wind  
A stealing silence through these echoing ears,  
Oh, bind the spell of love that cast out fears,  
An amulet,  
Upon this heart, that shocks of stormy years  
Have so beset,  
That in its earthy fortress undermined,  
It shakes at every puff of idle wind.

Come, come, oh, come !  
I feel your lingering fingers weave me 'round  
With ghostly peace of slumbering profound,  
That shuts me out from sight and sense and sound,  
Blind, deaf, and dumb.

Behold ! a breath  
Alone divides this stillness of repose,—  
This nightly folding of the human rose—  
This day's most welcome, yet pathetic close  
From that called Death !

---

CALM.

Is there a tideless sea, where sleep  
The passions after tossing wild ?  
The hush of loves so undefiled  
By earth's fruition, that they keep  
The hues of heaven, and *half* its peace—  
(Not *all*) ?

Such bliss would lift and heave  
*Its glittering billows o'er the "cease"*

The shore says to the sea, and leave  
The earth the richer with increase.

Is there a lull of tempest born,  
When golden airs the woods unfold  
And lull, like babes that mothers hold,  
Safe even from a thought forlorn?  
When every bird folds soft its wing  
In nested peace too sweet to sing?  
Say, is there such? If such there be,  
My soul has found it in the hour  
When that freed soul returns with power  
To still its throbbings—erst how wild!—  
And fold it like a sleeping child  
In some deep spiritual charm,  
As if it lay against Love's arm  
Close folded to that blessed breast  
Whose brooding warmth is perfect rest.  
O Love, O Love! what charm can be  
So blissful as repose with thee?  
No shadow lifts from earthy care  
To dim the golden, lucent air  
Enwrapping thee, while breaks the tide  
Of happiness far, bright, and wide  
About us, as with heart to heart  
We dread no morrow that shall part.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

A GREAT magician wove a spell  
Of sadness round me. Pang to pang,  
My heart responded to the swell  
Of his,—Æolian echoes rang  
With sharp distinctness from the caves  
Of mine own wild-wood griefs profound,—  
All earth clanged hollow from her graves,  
And blind with woe the spheres spun round.

This earthly frame, that cannot bear  
What spirit must, at last succumbed ;  
And hushed beneath a calm despair  
My nerves ; my aching senses numbed,  
I slept,—a sleep as still and deep  
As mountain lakes, from men removed,  
In haunted solitude,—a sleep  
I scarce would wish to one I loved.

I waked,—and hardly knew if earth  
Or fairer orb ensphered me,—new  
To all experience. Some new birth  
Of feeling, Soul seemed struggling through.  
The opal eve had faded quite.  
A lunar night, all lustrous pale,  
Was flooding me with silver light,—  
A white peace brooding in its veil.

I lay as one long dead who wakes,  
Yet scarce is broke his late repose,  
So still and deep. Earth round him shakes,  
His heavy eyes would fain reclose \

A whisper through the vast deep blue  
He hears, yet stirs not ; then a sweet  
But awful angel trump smites through  
His trance,—he staggers to his feet !

As down the moon-built ladder came  
And went the vision Jacob saw,  
Rock-pillowed in the wild, aflame  
With heaven,—oh, sight of love and awe !—  
So to my soul the word “arise,”  
Came winged adown the slant moonbeams,  
And risen beneath the silver skies,  
I thanked the God of souls for dreams.

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## BEYOND.

WHAT lies beyond? We cannot tell.  
The eye and ear to see and hear  
Are strained. Like some far-echoing bell  
The Past rings down to us, full and clear.

The Future's dumb. Speak, sealed lips ;  
Speak, closed eyes of mystery,  
Whose statuesque white lids eclipse  
The visions starred there, yet to be.

Oh, blind, blind fate, on which we rush  
So helpless,—wistful,—yet so sure,  
Is it a Moloch that shall crush,  
Or some strong seraph fair and pure?

We know not, but the starvèd heart  
Believing in the thing it seeks,  
To hear the dark doubt will upstart  
With words like those a Python speaks.

It cannot be! Nay, God is good.  
The sparrow's fall He counts, and gives  
To every raven mouth its food.  
With Him our Future loves and lives.

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## THE PALACE OF TEARS.

RISE, rainbow-arched and cloud-embraced,  
Pale palace of my dream,  
Whose misty outline once I traced  
In moonlight's mystic gleam,  
And by some spirit earthward strayed,  
Whose home the moon enspheres,  
Was led a shade through halls of shade,  
Where glistened only tears!

The dripping dome like silver glowed,  
The walls with briny pearls  
Were crusted o'er, the floor I trod  
With countless eddying whirls  
Of diamond water drops spun 'round ;  
I moved—a ghost—unheard,—  
Not freer from pursuit of sound  
The shadow of a bird.



And moving on, an open court  
    Appeared, where tossed and caught  
Their murmuring streams in sullen sport,  
    Dark fountains, jewel fraught ;  
I stooped to drink,—recoiled in haste,—  
    The Lethean flow of years  
Can never wash away that taste,  
    That bitter taste of tears.

As if by that one draught of dole  
    My vision cleared, and lo !  
The iron entered in my soul,  
    While in a wizard show  
The weary, weary-footed train  
    Of mortal miseries,  
The pilgrimage of human pain,  
    Defiled before my eyes.

And I, who grief had known in name,  
    And sympathy in form,  
Now trembled through my inmost frame,  
    A shaken reed in storm ;  
Yet fascinated, though in fear,  
    I saw each pallid face,  
Where sorrow's burning, branding tear  
    Had left its ashen trace.

And drawn by secret sense of pain  
    To that o'er-burdened throng,  
I joined my trouble to the train,  
    My minor to the song ;  
And on from hall to hall we trod,  
    And still our number swelled,  
A wild, weird labyrinth, yet, O God,  
    Thy clue our fingers held !

At length a chapel door arched wide,  
And, driven by sense of sin,  
Our ever-moaning human tide  
Its weary wave rolled in ;  
And down the mighty aisle was lost,  
Where light through pillars hoar,  
And silver-edgéd shadows crost  
The consecrated floor.

A lovely light,—a mystic moon  
Seemed hallowing all the air ;  
'Twas like a dream in summer noon,  
A peaceful dream and fair.  
Our pain-wrought nerves relaxed to rest,  
We sank upon the pave,  
As lulled as children at the breast,  
Or good men in the grave.

And kneeling in the tender gloom,  
A vision seemed to glow  
From out the chancel's shadowing room,  
White, luminous as snow ;  
A man, most human, most divine,  
Whose wondrous eyes down shone,  
Full, bright, and searching, into mine,—  
Twin stars in twilight grown.

Oh, gaze of healing, balm-rayed eyes !  
My heart was sweetly stirred,  
Then nestled down with calméd sighs  
As sinks to rest a bird ;  
Around me knelt a tearful throng  
Of burdened brothers, yet  
A subtle radiance, pale but strong,  
Illumed their faces wet.

And still those eyes, whose depths were clear  
As heaven's pure ether, drew  
Our hearts, as draws the moon's bright sphere  
The ocean's surging blue ;  
Till longing in us seemed to grow  
To strange and yearning pain ;  
When, lo ! those blessed eyes overflow  
And melt in tender rain.

He weeps ! He weeps ! A cross fire-rayed  
Flames near Him, and He leans  
The sacred head, by man betrayed,  
Upon it. Intervenes  
'Twixt us and our deserved woe  
That strong God-sorrow white,—  
High heaven's melted mountain snow,—  
Till self is washed from sight.

And, broken-hearted for each tear  
Our crimes have made Him shed,  
Repentant love that casts out fear  
Would fain abase its head  
In dust, where those pure feet have been,  
And hear in silver flow  
The words, " Though scarlet is your sin,  
Yet ye shall be as snow."

Oh, Love ! whose palace heights arise  
So dim to mortal sight,  
Forever blessed be the eyes  
That catch the heavenly light ;  
Though sadly still while Time rolls on  
His sorrow-burdened years,  
We see them like a rainbow dawn,  
*A hope that shines through tears.*

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

FROM the broad and calm Potomac  
To the Rio Grande's waves,  
Have the brave and noble fallen,  
And the earth is strewn with graves.  
In the vale and on the hill-side,  
Through the wood and by the stream,  
Has the martial pageant faded  
Like the vision of a dream.

Where the reveille resounded  
And the stirring call "to arms!"  
Nod the drowsy heads of clover  
To the wind's mesmeric charms.  
Where the heels of trampling squadrons  
Beat to dust the mountain pass,  
Hang the dew-drop's fragile crystals  
From the slender stems of grass.

Where the shock of meeting armies  
Roused the air in raging waves,  
And with sad and hollow groanings  
Echoed earth's deep-hidden caves;  
Where the cries of crushed and dying  
Pierced the elemental strife;  
Where lay death in sickening horror,  
'Neath the maddened rush of life;

Quiet now reigns sweet and pensive,  
All is hushed in dreamy rest,  
And the pitying arms of Nature  
Hold our heroes on her breast.

Shield them well, O tender mother,  
While each morn and even's breath  
Whispers us, the sad survivors,  
Of their victory in death.

\* \* \* \* \*

What though no stately column  
Their cherished names may raise,  
To dim the eye and move the lip  
With gratitude and praise ?  
The blue sky, hung with bannered clouds,  
Their solemn dome shall be,  
And all the winds of heaven shall chant  
The anthem of the free.

The spring with vine-leaved arms shall clasp  
Their hillocked resting-places,  
And summer roses droop above  
With flushed and dewy faces.  
Fair daisies, rayed and crowned, shall spring  
Like stars from out their dust,  
And look to kindred stars on high  
With eyes of patient trust.

And vainly shall the witling's lips  
Assail with venom'd dart  
The fame of our heroic dead,  
Whose stronghold is the heart !  
The nation's heart, not wholly crushed,  
Though each throb be in pain,  
For life and hope will still survive  
Where love and faith remain.

**AN ANGEL UNAWARES.**

**THE PESTILENCE OF '78.**

THE ruined clouds that track a storm  
O'ershadowed like a pall  
That prostrate and defenceless form,  
Our Southland's in its fall.

Disaster dogged defeat. Each hope  
Of convalescence born,  
Unfit with tyrant force to cope,  
Fell backward, chilled to scorn.

"To reconstruct!" the futile cries  
Of Conquest, sullen heard;  
For still her thrall's unconquered eyes  
Defied the hollow word.

"In vain your selfish schemes are willed,"  
A soul untamed by fate  
Breathed from them,—“Vainly will ye build  
On malice, greed, and hate.”

Reaction came. The kindred blood  
Long foe, by rancor burned,  
Flowed calm. Instincts of brotherhood  
Stified,—not dead,—returned.

But smouldered still. What spark should light  
These half-suppressed desires?  
What magic torch enkindle bright  
The ancient genial fires?

God answered with a Masque of Death.  
His angel in disguise  
Swept down with pestilential breath  
And terror-dealing eyes.

Stooping, he dried some tears for aye,  
But bid a thousand flow.  
The stricken South looked out to pray  
With face of utter woe.

And with the cry of deep to deep  
Sprang up to meet this grief  
The North, like one aroused from sleep,  
With strong arms of relief.

And smiled the angel as he bore  
His harvest sheaves above.  
The reign of brothers' hate was o'er,  
And Death made way for Love.

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### THE HEART'S DESIRE.

COME, when the rain-gray softly spreads  
O'er earth her mournful twilight shade,  
When flowers droop pensively their heads,  
And flower-souls in dust are laid.

Come, come, for passion in my breast  
A yearning troop of ghosts has freed.  
They walk,—they stretch their arms of quest  
In empty air; they silent plead.

They cry ! Ah ! each one cries for thee  
That deep heart-cry that rends, to draw  
Its object to it, through a plea  
Of suffering that knows no law.

And yet the lower soul must ne'er  
Call back the higher, freed and fair,  
The pain, a mighty link, but draws  
The less to the whole,—the effect to the cause.

I love thee, and I suffer woe.  
Sustain my sad and swooning soul ;  
Bend over me with eyes that glow  
In the depths of mine with strong control.

Ay, strong and sweet ! Like aspen leaf,  
All pale and shivering, this hand  
Is stretched for thee in the night of grief,  
With longing that is like demand.

Could I but touch thine in the dark,  
And feel its thrilling clasp enfold,  
I would not ask light's feeblest spark  
To guide me to the gates of gold.

For all my being then would lean  
Upon thy angel loveliness.  
My poor head on thy breast serene,  
My heart would sound the depths of bliss.

Dear God, Thou feedest the raven host  
That cry for food, to us unclean ;  
Thou every sparrow's downfall knowest,  
And clothest the common grass with green.



Shall I not trust Thee with the fire  
On my heart's altar burning wild  
Through years of pain ? " The heart's desire."  
Thy promise is to every child.

## VERSES BY J. C.

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"To me, the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."



## SCOTLAND.

ONLY a sprig of heather from the hills,  
Lifeless and dry for lack of light and air,  
Yet how my spirit in me moves and thrills,  
Touched by a half-revealed vision fair !  
And what a longing wakes, but once to stand  
Within the borders of my father's land !

My father's land ! oh, land of gracious fame,  
Thy warrior-heroes my young fancy swayed ;  
I saw them through the battle's breath of flame  
Meet wild and thund'rous charges undismayed ;  
I saw them stand like princes on thy plain,  
When back before them died that fury vain.

And in these later days my soul is moved  
By echoes of thy martyr-songs ; I see  
Thy noble martyr-army, the beloved  
Of saints and angels, drifting gloriously  
On flaming wings, with chantings clear and sweet,  
To pale in worship at the awful Feet.

Still leaning to thee, listening, loud and strong  
Come to me from thy field, thy hill, and glen  
The lowly song, the true and tender song,  
From lips of children and unlettered men ;  
How sweet ! The nations listen lovingly,  
And echo back its sweetness ere it die.

Who is this moving through the morning fields,  
With wistful eyes upraised and dreamy tread ;  
Who, pausing, kneels beside the plough he wields  
To mourn a mountain-daisy crushed and dead ;  
Who, grandly, in deep midnight sees arise  
Pale "Libertie," with sorrow in her eyes ?

Oh, God-taught singer, whom man could but mar,  
Thine idle hands are cold upon thy breast,  
And, while thy songs are echoing near and far,  
Thou liest silent, calm, in lonely rest,  
And near thy buried head bends, dewy-eyed,  
The little flower thy song hast glorified.

And who is this, the grand, gray-headed man,  
With childlike mouth and calm, majestic brow,  
Who sings of battle-shocks, where clan meets clan ;  
Whose last sad minstrel-song finds listeners now ;  
Who brings again heroic days gone by,  
With tramp of steeds and trumpets' startled cry ?

And this, the sturdy delver in thy soil,  
With labor-stained hands and honest eyes,  
Who reaches downward after buried spoil,  
Great nature's hidden secrets to surprise ;  
Who stands with Moses on the world's dread rim,  
And sees earth recreate in vision dim ?

Ah ! who are these, the clear-browed friends, who stand  
With faltering feet amid th' unheeding throng,  
Or upward press, locked ever hand in hand,  
To gain God-speeding, clearer heights of song,—  
A strange, sweet, broken strain, a thrilling moan,—  
*Who stand, grief-dazed, on the cold heights alone ?*

These are thy poet-sons. O Land ! I know  
They are but as a tithe of great and good  
That throng thee, but from that vast overflow  
These most have cheered my weary solitude ;  
These have passed with me through unwelcome ways ;  
These have cast sunbeams on my darkened days.

What wonder that their tender praise of thee  
Should stir my heart to longings for thy worth ?  
What wonder that I cherish lovingly  
This little faded blossom of thine earth ?  
What wonder that, as far away I stand,  
I sigh to thee a greeting, fatherland ?

What wonder that I ever strive to trace  
Resemblance in these woods and vales to thee ?  
As one some dear and unforgotten face  
In all sweet, innocent faces needs must see,  
Smiling, " These lips are like her wondrously,"  
Sighing, " Sweet eyes, I know your mystery."

I stand upon a hill and, looking down,  
Say, " Thus a Scottish road is dropped and wound ;"  
I catch the falling pine-cones crisp and brown,  
With " Surely, such as these strew Scottish ground ;"  
I breathe the breath of the dividing sea,  
And cry, " O Land, such breezes visit thee !"

But, passing by a river in the sun,  
That through low, level banks sweeps smooth along,  
I muse, " Not thus my Highland rivers run,  
But downward through rock pathways with a song,  
Now laughter, now soft thunder as they go,  
As evermore they flow, and fall, and flow."

And in the twilight time my soul is grieved ;  
    “ Not thus,” I say, “ thy suns make haste to set ;  
Not thus thy sky-depths are of light bereaved ;  
    But faintly glowing, faintly failing, yet  
Thy light as tenderly and softly dies  
As laughter in a fair child’s sleepy eyes.”

And yet I know that this same rest and calm  
    Is on thee, O my country ; that this light  
Fills thy low valleys like a wordless psalm,  
    And frets with tender fire each mountain-height ;  
I know in peaceful grandeur thou dost stand,  
And I shall never see thee, fatherland.

Shall never tread thy field and moorland fair,  
    Where old-world poet-feet have passed but late ;  
Shall never cross thy mountain-passes drear,  
    By martyr-steps forever consecrate ;  
Shall never, kneeling on that sacred sod,  
Feel sudden nearness to the heart of God.

Ah ! little heather that the breeze has kist,  
    You have left hill-side, home, and glimmering glow  
Of morning sunshine slanting through the mist,  
    All early rains and dews that softly flow,  
And blooming company, to come to me ;  
What have I you to give thus generously ?

A smile of welcome on you I can throw  
    For that lost sunshine, and a light caress  
More loving than the singing wind can know ;  
    And sometimes, from sheer pitying tenderness,  
*Feeling* I am as far from home as you,  
*My tears shall fall* for that lost rain and dew.


A WEB OF TATTING.

THIS is the window ; see, the Southern sun  
(Dasht with quaint shadow-leaves, that move and  
play)  
Falls in a fretted square  
Over this old oak-chair,  
Just as a thousand times it must have done  
When she sat silent here the livelong day.

The livelong day, weaving this lacy web  
With deft white hands, that paused and wearied not,  
Except to let her cite  
A mock-bird's circling flight ;  
Or far below, the noon-wave's quiet ebb,—  
And blend with it some deep and dreamy thought.

A gracious woman was she,—beauty born,—  
Too always conscious of it to seem aware ;  
She wore her beauty still,  
Seeming against her will,  
Though youth had faded,—youth's fine fervor gone,—  
With something of a tired, reluctant air.

One gazing on her tranquil, dreamy face  
Had never guessed the passionate heart below ;  
Had never guessed the strife,  
The anguish of her life,  
That passed before that fine self-conquering grace  
Had calmed her heart, and clothed her beauty so.





She dreamed one passionate dream, and it sufficed ;  
The day the cold clods fell upon his heart  
Joy, hope, ambition died,  
These faithful love denied ;  
Henceforth no luring voice of earth enticed ;  
She lived her stainless widow-life apart.

Apart with those, his own, whose lives were marred  
By the same bitter loss that wrecked her own ;  
To these in loyal wise  
She lifted patient eyes,  
And served through fortune fair and evil-starred,  
Yielding her heart to no faint, fretful moan.

But conquering through patience her despair, .  
She learned to wait and work, and when her hands  
Unnerved, and heart-confused,  
All other work refused,  
She made this woven phantasy her care,  
And wrought in bitterest days these flowery bands.

What life-despair and pain is woven here,  
Unseen of all who watched the fair design !  
This circle means a sigh ;  
This rose a deep heart-cry ;  
These leaves were wet with many and many a tear ;  
The agony of years is in this vine !

But when at last the tear of grief could ebb,  
And gentle thoughts, like flowers after storm,  
Began to lift the head  
And some faint fragrance shed,  
She did not cast aside this simple web ;  
*But wrought, and seemed to quicken thought there-  
from.*

Strange shadows from the world without swept by  
Those absent eyes, that watched the glancing thread ;  
Intrepid thought, that far  
Followed the latest star,  
Science, which wed with truth can never die ;  
Philosophies half false, and thus half dead.

Dim dreams and fancies from the Muses' world,  
Sweetly attuned to music too, would drift  
Above her quiet soul  
Like morning mists, that roll  
O'er tranquil lakes, enwoven with fine gold,  
Until the wakening breeze shall bid them lift.

She had the ear to hear, the eye to see ;  
The heart that, wise in silence, understands ;  
She might have won some crown  
Of this world's fair renown,  
Could she have stooped to blend familiarly  
With crowds, and tune her song to their demands.

The world free with its gold, will never lack  
Its praises, sung in poet cadence fine ;  
Her part—her one delight,  
Always to walk in white,  
And all along life's dark and dusty track,  
Fearless to follow on the light divine.

Here, Lelia, take the web ; some semblance fair  
Of shadowy leaves has passed into its face ;  
A wing of passing bird,  
A flower-bell, wind-stirred,  
And something of the whiteness fine and clear  
Of a pure life's most rare and perfect grace.

Yes, Lelia,—take it, child,—and when the art  
 Of love shall drape you faultless, and you go  
 To that high altar bright  
 Upon your bridal night,  
 Wear this, and wear it nearer to your heart  
 Than finest laces of your bridal snow.

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## AFTER THE EPIDEMIC.

SAVANNAH, JANUARY, 1877.

“It is over.”

Ah! Who can say that?  
 What is over? The passion, the grief, the despair,  
 The cold snow of sorrow that whitens the hair  
 And deadens the heart, where enthronéd once sat  
 Love with her crownéd, beneficent crowd,  
 Hope, peace, and heart-plenty, meek subjects that  
 bowed  
 At her feet and obeyed,—is *this* over, outrun?  
 Help me, God, for Thou know'st this is only begun!

What is over? The desolate days  
 To be lived through and suffered,—the horror at night,  
 When the wind is awake in its passionate might,  
 And we sleep not for thinking with bitter amaze  
 Of a slumber the storm will not break; sunny hours  
 When the light hurts and dazzles; the splendor of  
 flowers,  
*All as pale as his grave-lilies.* Ah! Is this done?  
*I could die when I feel this is only begun.*

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Yes, yes, it is over for *him*.  
My soldier undaunted who died at his post,  
In the ranks of God's merciful minist'ring host,  
The life-battle ended ; no shadow can dim  
The clear light of his life in the smile of his Chief.  
He ascended on wings the steep ladder of grief,  
I must mount in my pain, ere that Presence is won  
He has reached. Ah ! dear Victor, thy triumph's begun.

Ah ! yes, it is over for *her*.  
The maiden who wore in her hair and her eyes  
The gold and the blue of God's wonderful skies,  
Looking out on the vistas of new life that were  
So crowded with rare possibilities sweet,  
She could scarcely have chosen one path for her feet  
All so tempted. Well, well, God himself made her  
choice,  
And she listened content to the awe of His voice.

Christ ! let it be over for me !  
Not sorrow, for sorrow must live while I live.  
It is love,—it is life,—it is all I can give  
To my crownéd immortals ; but, oh ! let there be  
A great calm in my soul, let the tempest be past.  
Let me thank Thee unanguished that calm comes at last  
To the city I love, that her torture is o'er.  
Send peace to her dwellings,—her hearts,—I implore.  
But, ah ! What is this ?

As I kneel,—kiss the rod,—  
To my touch it has blossomed,—the olive of God.

## FALLING LEAVES.

SEE, it is morning, and the shady wood  
Is echoing now with childish voices sweet.  
The rippling sunshine, in a generous mood  
Of golden gladness, pours a sudden flood  
Over the old oak's gnarled and moss-grown feet.  
A small brown-coated bird half hops, half flies  
Into the lowly roadside thicket near ;  
And at the sound of steps, in wondering wise,  
The shy, brown, leaping rabbit stops to hear,  
While hushed and low  
The winds caress the grasses as they go.

Already frost's keen finger here and there  
Has touched and marred the summer's faultless dress.  
The vines are withering, drooping everywhere ;  
A bird's forsaken nest of the old year  
Sways on a naked bough ; a restlessness  
Of fever and decay is in the leaves  
That tremble in the breeze above, and high  
With every waft of wind, there interweaves  
The crow's long, oft-repeated desolate cry.  
How sad, how faint  
The year's last dove is moaning her complaint !

*One little wanderer murmurs, " Only see  
How clear our path looks now ; what makes it so ?*

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In summer-time, how thick it used to be !

Where are the leaves and flowers that used to grow ?  
Just see how bare is every single tree !”

Scornful a voice makes answer, “ Don’t you know  
This is the time o’ the year for leaves to fall ?”

And she, the white-haired woman at my side,  
Thinks of the pageant of life, its shroud and pall,  
And sighs, as one whose every hope has died,—

“ Ah ! it is so ;  
This is the time indeed for leaves to go.”

And I,—I look on her and do not sigh ;

I who, before the summer, met the snow ;  
Who saw my May-day lilies faint and die,—  
My fields and grasses searing mournfully ;

Before untimely frost my heart’s-ease go.  
I, standing lonely in deserted days,

Where hope, and joy, and love have left me lone,  
Make answer to her in no voiceful ways,

But deep in spirit, breathe one soundless moan,—  
“ God over all !


Is this the time of the year for leaves to fall ?”

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## MARGARET ON THE SHORE.

### A SCOTTISH MARTYR.

O WATERS ! bowing, kneeling at my feet,  
Why come you thus, sad executioners,  
To crave forgiveness ere you rise and drown  
The death-cry on my lips, all earthly pain



From out a lonely heart for evermore?  
Come, kneeling if you will, and kiss the feet  
That ever loved to feel your soft caress  
In morning days of life, e'en now so near  
That I have still the leaping heart, have still  
The love of all things beautiful and young.  
But think not that you need to crave my grace,  
My pardon, in the work you soon shall do.  
Rather, I thank you. How should I fear death?  
One like the Son of God has passed that way,  
And left the darkness luminous. I go  
No blindfold journey, stumbling in the dark.  
I pass from light to light, from home to home,  
From life to life, from God to very God.

True, true, I trembled when my earthly judge,  
My brother,—Lord, forgive him!—cried aloud  
My punishment for crime of heresy:  
“Chained to a stake, down at low-water mark,  
Until the rising waves extinguish life!”  
Ay, then I shuddered at the brutal voice.  
Ah! Christ forgive! I mean—my brother's voice!  
But now, I tremble not in this bright calm  
(The crowd but watch me from the steep above),  
Alone with mine own peaceful soul,—alone  
With this sweet day, that might be bridal day  
To any queen. It is my bridal day!

My bridal day! No other bridal day  
Has ever, or can ever dawn for me.  
Once I did grieve thereat and sigh to think  
That I must live my life alone,—alone,  
And nigh forgot to smile, remembering  
*No other smile was waiting just for me.*


To-day, I thank my God—I thank my God—  
That I can die my death alone,—alone.  
No other eyes will swim in tears, because  
Mine own are dim at parting. Better thus,  
I doubt, I could have answered loud and clear,  
So that none could deny I held my faith  
Dearer than life, if dearest eyes had watched,  
Or voice had sobbed “my mother” in that throng.  
Nay, rather, though I had not dared to lie,  
I could but then have fallen to my knees  
And sobbed the truth out, in a prayer for help.  
Ay, I am glad to-day in loneliness.

The tide is coming in,—I feel it throb  
In fuller pulses down about my feet.  
The wind is waking also, and it sweeps  
My long hair back, as when a laughing child  
I bounded on to meet it with a shout.  
Oh, little sister, up above the sky!  
(I’d think that thou art smiling down on me  
But that thine eyes, as blue as heaven’s blue,  
Are lost in that clear glory) dost thou mind  
The times we tumbled on the upland slope,  
Amid the blooming heather all the day;  
And watched the distant ships loom up and fade  
Along the low sky-line unendingly?  
And how we used to lie awake at night,  
When storms were out, and hear the tide beat in,  
And hear the howling wind, and sometimes hear  
The booming gun sound loud across the roar  
And rush of tempest, telling that a ship  
Was even then in peril deadliest?  
Last night, awaking in my prison cell,



I hearkened in the darkness such a boom  
Sound sudden through the pantings of the storm ;  
And thinking how we used to say our prayer  
To the great Father for all sea-tost folk,  
I paused midway in mine own prayer for help  
And cried, beseeching that His arm of strength  
Would shield and save my suffering brother-men.  
Ay, and so praying, felt a sudden calm  
On mine own soul. I felt how good He is,  
How He must surely guide all weary ones  
Beyond the storm and tempest of this world,—  
The blasphemy of wicked men,—the doubts  
Of good men,—and the sobs and tears of all,—  
Unto the quiet haven of His Rest.

Ha ! how they shout—the crowd along the steep—  
To see the rising wave break on my knee  
And whelm me in its cold and deathful spray !  
Thou knowest, Lord, I hate them not. I dare  
To hate no man for whom Thy Son hast died ;  
But I beseech Thee let Thy waters haste  
To beat out life, that I may hear no more  
That fierce, triumphant shriek strike on my brain.  
I pray Thee, Lord, Thou, who didst walk the sea  
To Thy disciples, walk this rising sea  
In light-enwoven raiment,—meet my soul  
That fain would go to meet Thee through the flood.  
Speak to her peace. “ Be not afraid.” O soul !  
So hath He spoken even unto thee.  
So wert thou calm when rose this thy last morn,  
When, looking to the heavens, not a cloud  
Of all that former tempest did remain ;  
*But on the dazzling blue there showed a cross*



Of light,—pure light,—and lying thereupon,  
The shadow of One resting,—not in pain,  
But calmly resting, as though satisfied.  
Even now it comes and goes,—it cannot fade !  
Sweet vision ! Oh, draw nearer !—not to me—  
Not to me only, but that these blind eyes  
May so see light,—may learn of Thee, this day,  
That none who hates his brother can love Thee ;  
That Thou wert happiest in giving most,—  
Blessed in giving Thine own royal Life !

Ah ! how they shout again ! Dear Jesus Christ,  
I see Thee, and Thy face shines steadily.  
Unchanging, like that star that waneth not !  
These waters—leaping—breaking—on my breast  
Hiding Thy pitying skies in shuddering spray,  
Break not upon my soul. Hide not Thy face,—  
Thou art too near to leave me any wish.  
Oh ! I am satisfied,—am satisfied !  
But teach them, Lord, oh, teach them, Thou art love ;  
Let Thy love's sun shine on their frozen hearts,  
That they may melt,—may glow beneath that glow ;  
Teach them, as Thou didst persecuting Paul,  
The clear unshaded glory of Thy truth !  
Lead them, as Thou didst Jacob, sore afraid,  
That when they cross the Jabbok cold of death,  
They find no grim, accusing faces turned  
Upon them ; but beneath the sacred Palms,  
Us, who, like them, sin-cleansed for Jesus' sake,  
Shall spring to greet them in glad brother-love  
And fall upon their necks—but not to weep.

This breathless spray—I fail—oh, dear, Lord Christ,  
How near Thou art!—how sweet is death, dear Lord !

O Saviour, save them all,—I love all—all.—  
Good will to men,—peace on earth,—PEACE !—  
Glory to God on high.—Amen—Amen.

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## LOVE AND GRIEF.

OH, what is Love, and what is Grief?  
We loved, and we were far apart.  
My fields were budding into leaf,  
While hers were dying ;—oh ! my heart !  
The skies, that over me were clear,  
To her were tempest-swept and drear.

She suffered, and I knew it not ;  
And my rejoicing made her glad  
In dying hours. Ah, what ? ah, what ?  
Shall I give thanks, or grow more sad,  
In noting that high hardihood  
That missed her evil in my good ?

I loved her, as the weaker soul  
Can love the stronger,—loved with tears,  
And feeble yearnings towards the whole  
Of love a higher soul enspheres ;  
I loved her with the whole of love  
That could my weaker nature move.

I loved her, and stretched trembling hands  
To loose the iron bars of Fate  
That cramped her life ; to burst the bands  
And lead her to Fame's temple-gate ;  
To round, to my weak heart's content,  
*The measure of her firmament.*

I loved her, and she asked no more,—  
 Nay, asked not that. She was content  
 If her great heart all burdens bore ;  
 Her wounded feet all briers bent ;  
 That I might walk unscathed and strong,  
 And ease my heart with breeze and song.

She loved, as love the great and strong,  
 With patient pity, tender ruth ;  
 She did not mock my faltering song,  
 She smiled at my impetuous youth ;  
 She asked me not to understand  
 Her pure devotion, meek and grand.

Sweet martyr-soul ! I envy not  
 Thy clear pre-eminence. “ Mine ” and “ Thine,”  
 In those dear lost days unforgot,  
 We never said. Nay, “ Ours ” the sign.  
 So be it still. My heart shall beat  
 At every wreath laid at thy feet.

Thy triumph mine, though I be dust,  
 And thou a spirit in High Lands ;  
 Although my only wing is trust,  
 And thy clear soul all understands ;  
 One bond unites—below, above,—  
 The depths and heights,—the bond of Love.

Ah, what is Grief, and what is Love ?  
 I wept, and I shall weep again ;  
 The thoughts of thee all fancies move,—  
 The thought of thee, not always pain,  
 Lives in my soul, awake, asleep,  
 Than peace more high, than grief more deep.

That eve—the sun was low i' the West—  
But if I muse I cannot tell  
If clouds were rolled about his rest,  
Or sunshine on the water fell ;—  
I knew not,—for my soul was bright,  
Nor heeded outer dark or light.

For I had letters in my hand,—  
As messengers from her I loved ;  
And as the light boat left the land,  
And o'er the happy waters moved,  
I bent to read ;—not thought can ken  
The change ere I looked up again !

Oh, brave, true heart ! She wrote no word  
To stir a less expectant soul ;  
Spoke only of our hopes deferred,  
Of weakness brooking no control ;  
Had naught of suffering days to tell,  
Nor broke my heart with one farewell.

Yet when I raised mine eyes once more,  
Strange seemed the river rolling by ;  
Strange the long reach of summer shore,  
Strange the blue arch of God's own sky,—  
And timing to a voiceless bell,  
Slow-tolling, swift oars rose and fell.

For, ah ! this sorrow was not new ;  
None wrote to bid me doubt or fear ;  
But, though its face I could not view,  
Its dim wings shadowed all the air ;  
Its breathings made my heart to beat  
When April fields grew green and sweet.

In golden days a sudden cloud  
 Would drift between me and the sun ;  
 When childhood's mirth rang gayly loud,  
 A moment and my laugh was done ;  
 When one who knew not sorrow sang  
 Of sorrow, all my heart-strings rang.

And in the gloom of sleep dim dreams  
 Passed o'er my spirit faint and far,  
 As to beclouded sad eyes seems  
 The vision of a distant star ;  
 To trace their actual semblance, vain ;  
 I only knew they boded pain.

Yet when the spell was half-removed,  
 I blamed my fancy. "Is it well,"  
 I questioned, "when no pain is proved,  
 On thoughts of unknown grief to dwell?  
 To run toward with willing feet  
 A sorrow thou mayst never meet?"

Thrice foolish heart ! So on that day,  
 When fear was far, my grief was near.  
 Yet, O Belovéd, no need to say  
 Dread words a blind heart to prepare ;  
 At thy first fear my dread replied,  
 And hope and joy together died.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Ah ! what is Grief, and what is Love ?  
 I pray, I agonize, I weep ;  
 In pain I breathe, I live, I move,  
 Till night falls over and I sleep,  
 To wake at last when morn is late,  
 Thrice anguished, cold, and desolate.

I weep, I mourn, I pray when all  
Is done ; thou sleepest as before.  
Such tribute, ah ! how weak, how small !  
All this in time past mourners bore ;  
Unless I die with thee 'tis naught ;  
I do not love thee as I ought.

Wild thought ! This life is God's, not mine ;  
He gave and He will take away.  
Yet must I see the same sun shine,  
And watch the water's sparkling play ?  
Ah ! let me mourn. The morn and eve  
Are of a new day while I grieve.

The mornings come, the evenings pass,  
The sunshine falls as erst it fell ;  
The winds caress the silken grass,  
The river-eddies whirl and swell ;  
The fields are dreaming in the light,  
The sweet woods stretch beyond the sight.

Then earth the soul becalmed. " Dear Heart,  
Thou retest well, or, if God please,  
Thou dwellest, from all pain apart,  
Within His courts, and hast great ease.  
I cannot weep more ; let me gaze  
On this fair field through golden haze."

Ah ! selfish soul ! The days go on,  
The evenings pass ; I'm calm once more,  
Yet through this silence strange and wan  
I know thou sleepest as before.  
The rest of that deep slumber fills  
*The quiet of the fields and hills.*

And on my soul a slumber lies,—  
 A lulling calm of perfect rest ;  
 And sorrow's wilder tempest dies  
 And swells into a golden West,  
 And all the wailing brood of pain  
 Sobs softly as a falling rain.

While nearer, more divinely rolls  
 A music sweeter than thy voice,—  
 A thought that every thought controls,  
 A blessedness beyond my choice,—  
 Thy memory through my soul doth move  
 More strong than pain—all peace above,—  
 And this is Grief, and this is Love.

\* \* \* \* \*

I dreamed, and saw a mourner sitting still  
 In the still room of Death. I could not see  
 The veiled face. The Dead lay quietly  
 On the white couch of death. The moon did fill  
 The chamber with dim phantom light. A thrill  
 Of night-wind like a sigh passed mystically  
 Through the wide windows, bearing noiselessly  
 Drift after drift of midnight snow, until  
 The broad floor glittered in new covering. High  
 The pictured walls received them, and the bed  
 Of death new-shrouded gleamed. Still as the dead,  
 Without one breath as audible as a sigh,  
 That mourner sat in the pale gleam of night,  
 And let the drifts clothe her with death-cold white.

Ah, well ! this robe of grief, though somewhat pale,  
 Is clean, is pure. I will not call it cold ;  
*I feel the throbbing, underneath its fold,*



Of Love's unchanging fire that shall avail  
 To reawaken, e'en though Hope should fail,  
     Life's higher aspiration. I am bold.  
 A mem'ry of thee, still, Belovéd, to hold,  
 As bright as if no shadow of the vale  
     Of shadows e'er had touched thee. Thou shalt be  
 No deathly image stirring my heart's ruth,  
     But bright, benignant, lovely, as to me  
 God gave thee in our glad and innocent youth.  
 Thy life has closed with storm. Thy memory  
 Shall be a Rainbow,—Light's incarnate truth !

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In the deep darkness of the summer night,  
     When late stars wane and winds of dawn blow chill,  
     And with the quiet world thou liest still,  
 Oh, friend, in dreams came music for delight  
 O'er the dim waters. Timing oars affright  
     The listening silence. With thy heart athrill,  
     Thou wakest, hearkening, and thou hast thy will,  
 For, ere the first smile of the day-dawn bright,  
     Thy dearest is with thee, and thou art blest,  
 While thou, my heart, that hast in slumber deep  
     Taken in calming dreams a little rest,  
 Awak'st and criest against deceiving sleep,—  
     Never, my own Belovéd, nevermore  
     Thy voice will greet me on the morning shore.

Ah, heart ! and hast thou let this doubting age  
     Darken or kill thine early trust so sweet ?  
     Only in this dim life no more thou'lt greet  
*Thine own with gladness, for thine heritage*



Of life immortal still is thine. The sage  
 Who tells thee dust with dust alone shall meet,  
 Thou provest a liar, while thou feel'st the beat  
 Within thee of the spirit's noble rage  
 'Gainst death—as dreamless sleep—'gainst life as  
 breath.

Ah! in that starless night when flesh shall fail,  
 Spirit shall call to spirit. Thou shalt hail  
 The music of her coming o'er seas of Death  
 To bid thee welcome. Keep thy purpose clear.  
 Hearken, and, as God liveth! thou shalt hear!

Dove, little Dove, that every morning-tide,  
 As I sit silent, in this hollow dim  
 Moanest and moanest on the hidden limb  
 Of some moss-veiléd cedar, I have tried  
 In vain to find the nest where thou didst hide,  
 And see the singer of my heart's own hymn,  
 Until this morning, o'er the sunshine-rim  
 That binds this hollow, sudden by my side  
 Thou flittedst, and I beheld and knew thee fair.  
 O soul, when thou within thyself dost hark  
 The moaning of an unseen thought, then mark  
 With long-enduring patience,—from the air  
 Of twilight thou shalt see it sudden spring,  
 With morning dew and sunshine on its wing.

Because there is a God, and He is good,  
 His presence fills the universal heart  
 As earthly fields are flooded,—every part  
 With universal sunshine. Long withstood  
 By cloud, or shadow of the shady wood,  
 Each living thing at last must surely start  
 Into that glory. Like a golden dart,

It slays the evil thought, or hope, or mood,  
But, like a golden breath, woos evermore  
The folded buds of good until they bloom.  
Ah, Master ! Can aught blossom in a tomb ?  
Ay ; once Thou stoodest in a sealed door  
And called to dust that answered.

Speak ! sweet Voice,  
And even my heart shall blossom and rejoice.

I find no rest within the household doors,  
Though I have striven all day, and I would rest.  
A lonely wind is moaning in the west ;  
The darkened sky above the wet earth low'rs ;  
I walk alone and lonely the changed shores  
Of this calm river that I love. The crest  
Of the grand cedars o'er, may doubtless breast  
The rage of winds, but down to meet me pours  
A soft, cool, ceaseless breath, through interlaced,  
Invisible boughs above, swathed in a shroud  
Of dim, gray moss, that, like another cloud,  
Moves overhead. Near me are faintly traced  
Palmetto-fans wide open, vines that move  
Through great distorted curves to bloom above.

Grand Oak ! that, in the strength of summers past,  
Movest to no voice more gentle than the cry  
Of sea-weed moving storms : how fearfully  
These clinging, swathing, death-like mosses cast  
Their darkness over all thy branches vast !  
All ? Nay. Uplifted still triumphantly  
Into the breath and sunlight of the sky,  
Thy boughs are free and blooming to the last.  
*O soul, what matter though all earthward love*

Be clothed upon with death before it dies?  
See, where the free, pure wind of heaven cries,  
Where moves the changeless smile of God above,  
Thou hast free growth and blooming undenied  
In that fair glory,—lifted, glorified.

One of the long-dead spring-times of the past  
Has surely risen from a charmed sleep,—  
Sad eyes down-weighted as with slumber deep;  
Meek hands of slumber on her bosom cast;  
Deep, mellow tresses rising with the last  
Sad waft of wind, and with a noiseless sweep  
Of billowy garments that their freshness keep,  
And musk of ghostly roses still hold fast!—  
The vision wakes; it smiles, drifts toward me down  
Through wonderful cloud distances! Ah! sure,  
No simple, sweet new-comer could so lure  
Such Hope and Fancy forth to play, and drown  
The mournful present with a silvery glow  
From the bright, sunken sun of long ago.

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**"THOU SHALT CALL AND I WILL  
ANSWER THEE."**

(JOB XIV. 15.)

LORD, wilt Thou call? Lord, wilt Thou call for me?  
I seem forgot,—like dead men, out of mind.  
The world, with all its mirth and misery,  
Sweeps past me, heedless as the heedless wind.

92 "THOU SHALT CALL AND I WILL ANSWER."

Although I cry to it, it will not hear ;  
Though I stretch trembling hands, it will not heed.  
None call for me in tones of love or cheer ;  
Of me and of my work it hath no need.

Wealth passes, but she never looks this way ;  
Prosperity makes haste her steps to track ;  
Joy runneth after, laughing all the day ;  
They pass, they linger not, nor e'er look back.

Friendship once called in accents clear and low,  
I answered, and sprang forth to clasp her hand ;  
One glided 'twixt us, gayly whispering, "No,  
But come with me." She obeyed the light command.

Love, too, hath passed,—I think, I cannot tell.  
One in a starry morn, white-clothed and pure,  
Passed me in sighing. I remember well  
The aspect, but the name I hold not sure.

Lord, wilt Thou call for such an one as I ?  
Thou sittest in the heavens, and all are Thine ;  
Thou hast, we know, a book, *Remembrance*, nigh.  
Among those golden names wilt Thou call mine ?

Call from the desolation of my night—  
Where hope is faint, where spirit daily dies—  
Up to the satisfying of Thy light,  
Up to the sacred palms of Paradise ?

Lord, Lord, oh, be not wroth if Thou shouldst call  
And I stand dumb, incredulous, and be  
So dazed with light that I shall faint and fall,  
*And, save for weeping, cannot answer Thee.*

A TRIBUTE

TO ONE OF THE OCEAN INLETS ON THE GEORGIA COAST.

A POET in the days gone by  
Sang to his "winsome marrow"  
About the "bonny braes," the sky  
Of fair and classic Yarrow ;  
Why may not I, an unknown wight,  
Of you, O unknown River !  
Some gentle memory recite,—  
Some happy curve or quiver ?

You make no classic meadows green  
In coming or in going ;  
No poet-eyes have ever seen  
Your daily ebb and flowing ;  
But yet your beauty glows and yearns  
With all its sweet gradation,  
As if a Wordsworth or a Burns  
Awaited inspiration.

You come through many a lonely mile,  
A wanderer from the ocean,  
To watch and ward this little isle  
With knighthood's pure devotion ;  
You bear to her unnumbered gifts  
Through all the year's unfolding ;  
Your pliant pausings and your drifts  
Her very shores are moulding.

Sea-winds pursue your crystal path  
And breathe their balm above her,  
Storms spend afar on you their wrath,  
On her their softest shower.  
How often have we marked the alarm  
That ocean agitated,  
But by the radiant after-calm  
That all her air elated !

You draw the sea-gull from the sea  
To rest among her cedars,  
Your waters tempt unceasingly  
Great flocks of twittering feeders ;  
And in the morn and eve of spring  
A thousand new-born sparrows  
Their fairy bells ecstatic ring  
Across your sunny narrows.

The wild duck stems your tiny tides,  
The plover skims your waters,  
The bittern on your margins hides  
Her elfish sons and daughters.  
When eve in red and amber bars  
Repeats the sunset's story,  
Long lines of cranes like daylight stars  
Fade in the western glory.

Yet of all gifts or grace you bear  
Your sweet betrothed in duty,  
This, sure, the highest and most dear,  
Your own celestial beauty !—  
A beauty oft by human hearts  
But little felt or heeded,  
Unglorified by poet arts,  
Yet sometimes deeply needed.

The Indian stood where now I stand,  
And watched with eyes unquailing  
The sudden, dazzling morn expand,  
Its splendors o'er you trailing ;  
He saw that glory fade and die,  
And, dreaming of his nation,  
To the Great Spirit raised on high  
Wild eyes of adoration.

How many childish tongues have called  
Your echoes wild and knowing !  
How many bridal hearts enthralled  
Made music of your flowing !  
How many eyes have turned in vain,  
Through tears that mocked their vision,  
To see you ere the fields they gain,  
Where flow the founts Elysian !

To me your inmost depths disclose  
A revelation tender ;  
A gulf-stream of remembrance flows  
Through all your changeeful splendor ;  
And with your freight of loss, and tears,  
And love, O solemn River !  
You must flow on through all the years  
That make my life's forever.



### SHAPED TO MUSIC.

O HOPE ! if indeed thou be a star,  
 Shine now, for the day is done ;  
 Faint, chill, breathe the night winds o'er the bar,  
 Light dies with the dying sun.

O Hope ! if indeed thou be a star,  
 Sink not with the sinking moon ;  
 Shine on, when no light, thy light can mar,—  
 On—on, through the night's sad noon.

O Hope ! if indeed thou be a star,  
 Unstayed through the depths above,  
 Lead us, as the Wise were led afar,  
 Safe home to the Shrine of Love.

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### A SUNDAY-CHILD.

"There is yet Romance in the world; to be sure, nobody but Sunday-children ever meet it."—AUERBACH.

"LILIAN, little Lilian,  
 Where are you going, child ?"  
 The winds of morn on the ocean born  
 Are blowing high and wild.

The morning star is glittering  
 Still on the verge of the sky ;  
 With its sea-wind whirl and its mists of pearl,  
 'Tis an hour of mystery.

“Lilian, little Lilian,  
Where are you going, child?”  
She lifts her eyes so strangely wise,  
And her voice is gay and wild.

“I am going to find the fairies  
There in that dark old wood ;  
Some may be bad, and some may be mad,  
But some are dainty and good.

“Some are dressed in cobweb,  
With a dragon-fly wing for a plume ;  
Some are gay as a field in May,—  
Blossoms always in bloom.

“Some are gallant and saucy,  
Flitting about in all weathers,  
Jacket of green, cap of red sheen,  
Tuft of the white owl’s feathers.

“Truly ! I read in a book,  
And now I am going to see ;  
Won’t they flutter, and won’t they mutter,  
When they catch sight of me?”

“Lilian, little Lilian,  
Neither on woodland nor lawn  
Will you find a trace of a fairy face ;  
The fairies are dead and gone.”

Sad is the child-face growing,  
But it brightens again like May :  
“Well, you know, let the fairies go ;  
The angels always stay \

"I have heard them murmur, murmur  
Above in a windy day;  
I have seen them pass o'er the bending grass,  
When a moonbeam struck that way.

"They live in the deep, green wood,  
And they love those children all,  
Who do not fear, but wait to hear  
The music of their call."

She looks at me, half doubting  
If I will understand;  
Her eyes are wild and soft and mild,  
Her voice is sweet and bland.

Lilian, little Lilian,  
I pray with my brow to the sod,  
That an angel mild may lead thee, child,  
To thy home in the City of God.

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WHAT THE SPRITE SANG TO THE  
MAGNOLIA.

CHALICE, my palace,  
My palace of cream!  
Oh, milky-white walls,  
In whose shadows I dream!

Gleam-bell, my dream-dell,  
So high in air swung!  
Moon of the midnight  
Of leaves 'round you hung.

Whorl-roof, so pearl-proof  
To night's dropping dews !  
Now close furl around me  
The shelter I choose.

Rare sweet and air fleet  
Your wealth of perfume,  
Far clouding with fragrance  
This tropic night's gloom.

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THE DAISY.

OH, my love is like a daisy,  
So bonny and so sweet !  
All grasses seem to love her,  
Clouds break and smile above her,  
From early morning hazy  
Through all the day hours fleet.

Oh, my love is like a daisy,  
So simple and so fair ;  
To none can I compare her,  
I'll on my bosom wear her,  
And call the scoffer crazy  
Who'd try to flout her there.

---

AFTER DEATH.

WE want a wind-flower stainless as this hand,—  
The innocent bloom that passes with a breath  
Untainted, a white dream 'twixt life and death ;  
We want a wind-flower stainless as this hand  
To rest within its hold.

We want a rose as calm as this still brow,—  
A rose unstirred by any passing breeze,  
Hid deep in shadow under dim, cool trees;  
We want a rose as calm as this still brow  
To lay beside it now.

We want a lily white as this pure heart,—  
A lily one hour old, without a stain  
Or touch of bird or bee, of dew or rain;  
We want a lily pure as this pure heart,—  
*Oh, God, this heart is cold!*

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### THE GIFT OF GRIEF.

THERE is some fruit upon the tree of life  
Too high for lifted hands to reach, too sound  
For gentle breeze to waft it to the ground;  
But when the storm-winds gather as to strife,  
And clouds are dark, the golden prize will fall.

And one benighted in a tropic wood  
Will find grand blossoms where in daylight stood  
Dry, withered husks.

In sorrow's darkened thrall  
Let not the faithful heart seem to rejoice.

Has there ne'er come to you in the soul's night,  
As to the seer of old, an angel's voice,  
Saying, "Arise and eat," and in the might  
Of that celestial food you onward trod  
*Up the steep way toward the Mount of God?*

## IMMORTAL.

WHAT is there in the fragrance of this day—

This winter day, half tender and half wild,  
That from the gloom of years long passed away

Bringest thee now so near me, little child?

Why must I dream of thee, and, waked in vain,  
Still fall to dreaming of thee once again?

Oh, little playmate of forgotten days!

One memory rises with thee strangely sweet:  
A garden-wilderness with tangled ways,

We two with busy hands and flying feet  
Gathering its glories, while the sunset rayed  
Its long-drawn lights between the cedars' shade.

Hast thou a thought in God's great Garden close

Of that past rapture, that most dear delight?  
Does sight of Eden violet or rose

Recall to thee those blossoms earthly-bright?  
Sunned in a Radiance that can never fade,  
Oh, dream'st thou of that sunset's mingled shade?


Thou gavest thy best-loved blossoms then to me;

No single flower was deep enough to hold  
Thy heart's great overflow of love. To thee

I was no child of simple earthly mould;  
Rather, I was an answering spirit free,—  
A part of thy life's innocent ecstasy.

Ay, more than that, for perfect love must be

In this low world, not joy alone, but pain.  
God taught thee early that sublime decree,  
And from that double strength, mine was the gain;



Two only, here have given me perfect love,  
And both have left me for the life above.

When I lay sick and drooping, thou didst haste  
To kiss me back to life in death's despite,  
And when the death that left me, thee embraced,  
Thou in unchildlike strength didst scorn affright,  
But in that grand transition, changeless still,  
Sent me undying love, death could not chill.

But that is past,—but that is long ago,—  
I was a child when thou wert angel-grown ;  
Why with my musings dost thou mingle so ?  
In that dead past, why live and breathe alone ?  
Dost thou still think of me, yet changed in naught,  
And thus in me awaken answering thought ?

What art thou now to me, O thou saint-child ?  
Thou art no more a semblance to my mind,  
Comest no shape seraphically mild,  
No angel,—angel-wise, yet human-kind.  
To call thy face in vision were as vain  
As bid these sweet dust-flowers bloom again.

Thou art a water-shadow faint and clear,  
That plays in life across life's dim expanse ;  
Thou art a melody that none can hear,  
Lulling the spirit into dreamy trance ;  
Thou art a perfect soul, that touching mine,  
Wakes it to life and thought and love divine.

Sweet light, play on, until in such commune  
My darkness give thee back an answering glow ;  
Sweet music, breathe, until thou dost attune  
*Discordant* life to thy melodious flow ;

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Sweet soul, be near, till pain and anguish cease,  
And I may greet thee in the Calm of Peace.

Good cannot die ; each little word of Thine,

O Christ, my God, within Thy world must stay.

Pure love enkindled by a touch divine,

Must live though heaven and earth should pass away.

Fear not the ages, child-soul pure and free,

Thou art a part of God's Eternity.

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GENIUS.

IN the Long Ago there lived a lady bright,

Who trod this green old earth with lighter tread,

Who wore a softer splendor on her head,

And sweeter sang than other women might ;

And buried in the laces at her white,

Warm, glorious throat, there showed a Gem, 'twas  
said,

That from its hiding-place, strange lustre shed.

How was it shaped ? A star gives wondrous light.

Some said it was a star, but others said

"She that is young and knows not earthly loss

Wears on her breast Hope's anchor." "Worldly  
dross,"

Some scoffed. "Perhaps, a serpent !" Who denied ?

But those who lingered, weeping, ere she died,

Sobbed, "On her breast she wore a sacred cross."





## VERSES BY E. A. G. C.

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"It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk doth make one better be,  
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.  
A Lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it droop and die that night,—  
It was the plant, the flower of light."

## NOTE.

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ALL of the verses of this division were written in early youth. Before they could reach the public eye, the correcting hand that might have moulded them into a shape more worthy the thought that inspired them, had lain aside the pen forever.—J. C.

## IN MEMORIAM.

By the wind o' the spirit that stirred her hair,  
By the passion of hope and the deep despair,  
By the burning seed and the hand to sow it,  
By the grace of God, a Poet.

By the speech, now lark, now nightingale ;  
By the brow, prophetic thought made pale ;  
By the parted lips and their low-breathed throng  
Of fancies, quick with the pulse of song ;  
By the strength to love the true and know it,  
By the grace of God, a Poet.

By the eyes, like a star-pierced midnight deep,  
That the pale face lit 'twixt the parted sweep  
Of the raven hair, through whose drifts they shone  
Like steady beacons o'er dark seas lone ;  
By a soul whose veil was burned to show it,  
By the grace of God, a Poet.

(Did she enter before her footfall, where  
That low-ceiled roof confined the air ?  
By that sense of muffled thunder below it,  
By the grace of God, a Poet.)

By a hope fast rescued out of the deep,  
By a faith whose fixed glance knew no sleep,  
By a love that dauntless-eyed could keep  
Death's fear at bay, and meet and know it  
As Life,—God's crownéd Poet.



## SEA-SONG.

Oh, most exquisite Sea !  
The rainbow touch of spring is on thy waves  
With varied hues as blossom-crested graves ;  
They sing soft songs to thee.

Thou foldest them to sleep,  
O gentlest mother, and thy whispering,  
Beneath the fairest heaven of the spring,  
Steals o'er thy crystal breast.

And when comes on the night  
Thou wilt bedeck their breasts with gems, O Sea ;  
The stars, I know, do half belong to thee ;  
God made thee " dark and bright."

To the faint melody  
Which is enwoven with the diamond spray—  
Thine own bright, crowning circlet, sea, alway—  
The winds sigh tenderly.

And the sweet heaven above,  
Opening its azure arms all radiantly,  
Lays its bright head upon thy breast, O Sea,  
And there breathes forth its love.

\* \* \* \* \*

All things do love thee, Sea ;  
Thou hast a mystic charm, and thy deep tone  
Seems moaning for the desolate and lone,  
Whose heart-gems are with thee.

Thou minglest in my dreams ;  
I hear thy sweet voice when the moon is low ;  
On thy broad breast a glory seems to flow ;  
From heaven's high court it streams.

And from that sparkling gold,  
A rainbow bridge is flashing wondrously,  
And angels tread thy waters, sleeping Sea,  
As Jesus did of old.

And, oh, most tenderly  
They call, and answer spirits clothed in white,  
And bear them upward to the Inner Light  
From thy still waves, O Sea.

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## TO —.

DROP your curls, my beauty,  
Low as the dying sun  
Drops on the white breast of the sky,  
When the day's gold thread is spun.  
Drop your curls, my beauty,  
Over the sheltered eye,  
Over a heart of finer gold,  
And a breast, warm, white, like the sky.

In the first days, my beauty,  
Ere the warm world had grown cold,  
*In the first days,* my beauty,  
God wrought the veil of gold.

And in the old Garden, Beauty,  
 What a fine light was shed  
 From the great curls of the clusters  
 On Mother Eve's small head !

Suppose that under the myrtles  
 She moved, too fair for sight,  
 And in high branches of blossom  
 Entangled those threads of light !  
 Suppose in the days of sorrow,  
 When the Gates were shut, and the Seas  
 Whose waves were Death, had smote her,  
 She rent gold curls like these !

How many heads that are fallen,  
 And are nothing but mouldering sands,  
 Have gloried in great, gold tresses  
 Like these I hold in my hands !  
 Drop your curls, my beauty,  
 Lay the fine gold apart,  
 Till the head, weighed down by its splendor,  
 Shall fall upon my heart.

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*TWILIGHT VISITINGS.*

In my wintry loneliness,  
 In this dim, half-hidden world,  
 Dream I now of fond caress,  
 Shining hair in sunshine curled.  
 Far upon the sea, out yonder,  
 Through the evening's dimming gold,



One white sail oft seems to wander,  
While the tinted clouds unfold.  
Nearer still it comes, and nearer,  
Lightening every wave the while,  
And I know the Barque doth bear her  
To me from the Blessed Isle.  
Once again her smile is on me,  
Gladdening all my soul within ;  
Ah ! how oft that smile hath won me  
From the weary world of sin !  
Wondrous smile ! O heart, what is it ?  
What dear charm so sweetly given !  
For I feel at each brief visit,  
That its spell half opens heaven.  
Ah ! 'tis gone. The white sail glistens  
Far upon the melting sea,  
While my charmed spirit listens  
To soft, floating melody.  
She has bidden me farewell.  
Night's dark curtain shuts the whole,  
While a soft-toned silvery bell  
Tolls the Vesper of the soul.  
Hour of heaven !—twilight greeting—  
Memory counts these jewels o'er  
When the holy bliss of meeting  
Throbs within my heart no more.

## AT SUNSET.

OVER the fields, growing dim and gray,  
I see them silently ride away  
Into the sunset silently,  
And she turns her head to look back at me.  
Against the sunset, fading and fair,  
Faintly glimmers her long, gold hair ;  
The little pale face turns back to me,—  
Looks over her shoulder silently.

Yes,—in a moment it fades away,  
Into the mists it fades away,—  
The picture that comes with the dying day.  
The little pale face turned back to me,  
The grave eyes watching silently.

Ah ! no face so pale and fair  
Blossoms in any earthly air ;  
But when it is faded out of sight,  
When it seems lost in the last faint light,  
It is no farther away from me ;  
Still it is watching silently.  
*Living, we lose the forms most dear ;*  
*Dead, they linger forever near.*

## HOLLY.

With flame within and frost without,  
And windy fields aringing,  
Came Michaelmas from up the snow  
And set the glad land singing.

A feast of light grew in the dark,  
And we in morning folly  
Had turned the garden inside out  
And robbed the park of holly.

Oh! how there glistened on the wall  
The shining holly-berries!  
Oh! how there glistened in and out  
The bower hung with cherries!

Forswear the Druid mistletoe  
And all its heathen folly;  
O love, O love, I kissed you first  
Beneath a branch of holly.

And so you struggled in the leaves,  
O pretty little rover,  
And looked so fair among the leaves,  
I kissed you three times over.

And kissed you me, and grew to be  
A balm for melancholy.  
All hail the Saint of Michaelmas!  
All hail the holy holly!

## SHADOWS.

Oh, evening shadows ! dim and tranced and weary,  
With power to weep, your tears  
Fall on my bowed head, watching cold and dreary  
The path your long tread wears,  
Till in a sudden glory of new moonlight  
Ye are lost falteringly.  
Oh, not the mystic beauty of the June light  
Rainbowed upon the sea,  
The flower-sweet, golden essence of the June light,  
Lingers so lovingly.

Oh, evening shadows ! silently and quaintly  
Ye trod the path I tread,  
And your hushed tears fell wearily and faintly,  
As mourning one long dead.  
And so I dream that sometimes, gently bending,  
Like priests o'er altar-wave,  
Above white moonbeams long and cold descending,  
Ye weep beside her grave ;  
Oh, gently, sweet, sweet shadows, gently bending,  
Ye weep beside her grave.

Oh, evening shadows ! beautiful and saintly,—  
Dear pilgrims from that shrine  
Where God's sweet flowers bloom in a dream-light  
faintly,  
And God's own stars o'ershine ;  
The wondrous holy tears ye shed, not faded,  
When morn's red wave upcurls,

In your dark, mournful tresses shall be braided,—  
Wreaths of eternal pearls,  
Shining by moon- or star-light all unaided,  
Fair, faint, fair, mystic pearls.

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## DEATH.

Oh, gentle Death !  
Coming into the golden blue of noon,  
Or rising mist-like to the pallid moon,  
Or, with faint, flowing breath,  
Mingling in the twilight vesper dim,  
Whispering the sad amen to life's long hymn,  
Oh, gentle, gentle Death !

Thine eyes, like day-spent stars,  
Hiding behind long-falling clouds, white lidden,  
Trembling as though the tear-drops, all unbidden,  
Sought to pass those snow-bars ;  
Thy pale hair, bound with wreathéd immortelle,  
Thy voice the liquid silver of a bell  
Under the midnight stars.

Thy soft, fair-moulded hands,  
That smooth so often weary brows to rest,  
All lightly lying on thy quiet breast,  
Like twin sea-shells upon some white sea strands,  
*Oh, gentle, gentle Death !*

Oh, gentle Death !  
In thy meek-folded hands thou seemst to bear  
Deep solace for all mortal grief and care,—  
The wing of faith.  
But love is held in higher hands than thine,  
So lookst thy face too sad to be divine,  
Oh, gentle Death !

The world's vain breath  
May mock thee in its pride, yet must it pray thee,  
Yet must it cease before thee and obey thee,  
Oh, gentle Death !

---

"PLUIE DES PERLES."

BEAUTIFUL head, like a sun-kissed leaflet bending,  
Bathed with the tide of song-embalméd air,—  
Crowned with a radiant crown made up of the blending  
Of pearls in the golden threads of mystic hair ;  
Delicate cheek with a faint rose-bloom caressing  
The maiden snow that covers the wonderful brow ;  
Fairy, pink-tinted fingers now daintily pressing  
The color into the cheek and freeing it now ;  
'Neath the low golden sweep of the eye-lash curtain  
A mystical, beautiful azure arch uprears,—  
Half-hidden gems, with intent most sweetly uncertain,  
Break their bright fetters ! Look at them, look at  
their tears !  
Oh, young, holy heart, so wondrous pure and saintly,  
Eyes of joy and hope all bright with dew,

Arch of smiles so radiant sweet, and quaintly  
This melting rainbow-mist now glimmering through ;  
Soft the music breathes, and with it breathing,  
By memory's voice the love-words are respoken,—  
Sweet angels, now invisibly round her wreathing,  
Kind angels, let not this beautiful spell be broken,  
For an unearthly light is weaving round her,  
A new ecstatic light her young brow wears,  
The strange, strong, mystical thrall of love has bound  
her,  
And gemming that golden glory fall her tears ?

Oh, fair head ! like a broken lily falling  
Upon the billowy stream of sorrowful love,—  
Now its sovereign chain but half enthralling  
The spirit, whose meek, clear eyes are turned  
above,—  
An angel presence enlightens all the chamber,  
An angel hand soothes the lone watcher's brow,  
And angel steps fall in the gloom like amber  
Crystally clear of sound. She is dying now,—  
Half of heaven seems all unveiled above her,  
Weaving its glories about her soul's calm deep.  
Oh, blessed spirit ! the holy angels love her,—  
Gently they minister unto her,—why should she  
weep ?

There is a veil, earth-woven, half concealing  
That glory in which woman's clear soul shines ;  
Yet the death-angel, with tender hands revealing  
The mystic temple, and all its beautiful shrines,  
Shows her what God hath made after His own beauty,—  
Lowly pity and snowy virtue and peace ;  
And in a mailed garb, all-conquering duty,  
Whose holy warfare not with earth doth cease,—

And golden love, with its mystic fetters linking  
The gentle heart as near to earth as heaven.  
Still weeps she while the low sun sinking,  
Long gazes at her through the haze of even,—  
Oh, tender angels, gather these wonderful tears,  
Out of her pity and joy and great love given,  
And make of them the circlet that she wears  
When she shall touch the golden harp in heaven.


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## COMING OF THE MAY.

RING, bells, ring! and sing, birds, sing!  
O lark, that sphinx-like crieth to greet the day,  
Sing at the edge o' the nest!—she cometh whom you  
love best,  
With arms full of all flowers, the May, the May!

Ring, bells, ring! and sing, birds, sing!  
Amid the waving grass white lambs do play;  
Down where the waters flow, great purple pansies  
grow,—  
Go, bind your brows, and forth to meet the May!

Swathed in white drifts of flowers, there lie the dream-  
ing Hours,—  
On all the fields the fluttering sun-flecks play,—  
Warm rains come down by night, scarce veiling the  
moon's light.  
Ah! sweet, ah! sweet! the moon that shines in  
May.





The waving, waving boughs, these be the summer  
snows,

These starry shapes that float on the wind away,—  
There be strange, glimmering things that pass on rain-  
bow wings,  
With Elfin-horns that blow the tunes of May.

In deepest forest glades these light the pleasant shades,—

You cannot hear their tread, though still the day,—  
The light across their wings, shimmers across dim  
springs,

And the little waves do laugh at the spirits of the  
May.

Oh, ring, bells, ring ! and sing, birds, sing !

Yon larks and thrushes, robins and red-coats gay,  
Perch on her flowery crest, twitter about her breast,  
And sing her a song of love,—the maiden May !

## THE DEATH OF A NOBLE CAUSE.

Put out the lights at midnight, about the clouded bier,—

Weep, watcher, silently !

Let darkness slowly cover the light of golden hair,

Flowing downward like the sea.

Let the cruel stains of blood on breast and brow

Be washed away in tears ;

Lay beside her that bright sword, glorious even now

With the light of other years.

Hark ! the death-bell speaketh sadly through the still,  
    chill air,  
    Speaketh sadly, one, two, three,—  
See, the snow of death has frozen strangely on her hair,  
    Buds, dying timelessly.  
Should she speak now, though her voice were faint and  
    light,  
    It would stir us like a song !  
Should she lift her eyes, though tears might dim their  
    light,  
    Ours would burn with courage strong !

Ah ! but still, she lies, the mailed maid, with idle  
    yellow hair  
    Creeping through her helmet cleft,—  
With one little, white bay-flower, nestling on her bosom  
    fair,  
    The last, her glory left.  
Put out the lamps,—all lamps but one,—beside the  
    lonely bier,  
    But say to him who weepeth,  
A voice is whispering, sighing, through the darkness of  
    the air,  
    “ She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

## AN INVOCATION

TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SWEET singer, I am very sad to-day ;  
My dimmed eye closes, my heart faileth me,  
Fain from thy smile, I'd gather one hope-ray,  
Through clouds thy star-eyes still burn steadily ;  
Thou hast done much to elevate the name,  
The weak and lowly name of womanhood.  
All bright and glowing is thy mighty fame ;  
Long on that lofty summit hast thou stood.  
See ! I, the feeblest one, who dares to call  
Thee sister, now turn tremblingly to thee.  
Oh, let thine accents through the distance, fall  
Upon my wounded heart, all tenderly.  
Oft have I, dreaming music, tried to sing,  
And, singing, soar into a clime of light,  
Yet ever fell, with torn and bleeding wing,  
Back to the shadows of this world's cold night.  
Sweet singer, I am weak and weary now ;  
My voice is hushed, my heart is full of woe ;  
Oh, lay thy wondrous hand upon my brow,  
And kiss away these bitter tears that flow.  
Sweet singer ! in the darkness of despair,  
Let one hope-promise linger cheeringly ;  
And though I now look onward, full of fear,  
Say that the future yet may shine for me.  
Say that my lips, now quivering and weak,  
*Shall gather strength and vigor once again,*

And that the timid words that I may speak,  
Shall find true favor in the eyes of men.  
If Fate decrees the darkening of my morn,  
Oh, say a glow divine may touch my even,  
As many a sun that has in tears been born  
Sinks with a golden glory into heaven.  
Sweet singer, chide me not because I crave  
A place among the mighty ones like thee,  
A little light about my woman's grave,  
One wandering leaf from fame's outspreading tree.  
Thou knowest, who hast felt the ecstatic thrill  
For some great strain murmured half-consciously ;  
Thou knowest the wild, yearning hopes that fill  
The heart once touched by burning poesy.  
Then turn not from my lowly, faltering strain ;  
Scatter a little hope upon my way.  
Sweet singer, soothe the throbbing of my brain ;  
Whisper the coming of a brighter day.

---

## THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE spring is dreaming to-day, Annie,  
Her most delicious dream,  
And my heart would take its way, Annie,  
Through paths of flower and stream.  
But a veiling, faint mist through, Annie,  
I see your eyes shine cold,  
For you pass into the new, Annie,  
While I am lost in the old.

Floating out on the billowy air, Annie,  
Your voice is woven in song,  
And in shade and in sunshine, Annie,  
Its music lingers long.  
But I care not how soon it die, Annie,  
Into the waning gold,  
For though under the old, dear sky, Annie,  
It is not the song of the old.

But, oh, by the shining wave, Annie,  
When the morning splendor falls,  
We both know a blossoming grave, Annie,  
Close by the old Home walls ;  
And we both know a smile that is fled, Annie,  
And we've kissed the glorious gold  
That crowned a radiant head, Annie,  
In days that we now call old.

We have followed fairy feet, Annie,  
Through many a beautiful way,  
And listened a voice, how sweet, Annie,  
In its changeful, silvery play.  
Ah ! the loving glance and true, Annie,  
And the heart of purest gold ;  
We shall never find in the new, Annie,  
All we have lost in the old.

We have bidden the dead farewell, you say ;  
That long kiss on the brow,  
In the strange, cold light of that awful day,  
Meant that ; and surely, now  
She, who has hosts of angel friends,  
Needs not our earth-love cold ;  
*Our paths* in new light and shade wend,—  
*We must take the new for the old.*


Annie, though one God made us two,  
He gave you a different heart,  
And, while you turn with smiles to the new,  
From the old I cannot part.  
Rather, I'll walk alone, Annie,  
Treading the dream-path cold,  
And with new tears make moan, Annie,  
For the dear lost love of old.

For all the beautiful days, Annie,  
That now can come no more,  
When her smile was in our ways, Annie,  
That now shines faintly o'er.  
The hand that hither drew, Annie,  
My spirit still shall hold !  
Yet treading the path that is new, Annie,  
Oh, love me with love that is old !

---

## SIGHING FOR LEAVES.

THE naked trees are wringing their hands,  
And tossing their arms and crying ;  
They say, " We are left all out in the cold,  
And the hard rain comes ; we are dying.  
The cold rain falls as heavy as stones,  
The wind goes over us sighing ;  
The cruel moon comes up in the sky,  
And looks upon us dying !  
God clothes the grass on the breast of the earth,  
God makes the smallest flowers,



While we, His older children, stand  
Bare in the stormy showers.  
Now, under our battered limbs we see  
A violet's head upgrowing,  
And meshes of grass keep the rain from its face,  
And shield it from fierce winds blowing.  
And, farther away, a daisy just born  
Is feebly winking its eyes  
At the first sweet light that comes to its sight  
Out of the opening skies.  
We know a merry time ago,  
When our blossoming boughs were full,  
And the sweet air kissed us out of the South,  
Because we were beautiful.  
And now, when we have grown nearer to heaven,  
We hold out our hands and cry,—  
Oh, when will the young leaves come like birds  
And perch on us out of the sky?"  
Ah! pleasant it is to be full of leaves.  
Oh, ye of the naked hearts,  
Ye know how bitter the cold rain smites,  
And how bitter the hard rain smarts!  
But yet we wait for the murmuring sound  
Of branches, soft as the air,  
And the fragrant lips of the bridal South  
To kiss us, because we are fair.  
Ah! yet we wait for the crown of our lives—  
We wait with lifted eyes,  
And we dream in our holier hearts, that God  
Is weaving it up in the skies.

## SONG.

If I sing, my Love, when the night is bare,  
And the desert east wind cries,  
When my heart is bitter and full of tears,  
And grief has closed my eyes.

If I sing, my love, when the moon is up,  
With a shout of hearty glee,  
When God makes the world look beautiful,  
Even to poor hearts like me.

If I sing, my Love, when the moon falls dead  
Over the sinking earth,  
And the sky is weary with heavy clouds  
That give its cold rains birth.

If I sing, O Love, with a heavy heart,  
Or in peace exultingly ;  
If I sing in my woe, if I sing in my hope,  
Ah ! what is my song to thee ?

All day I long for a sight of thine eyes,  
I long till my heart is sore ;  
One moment thou comest, and while I gaze  
The glory is no more.

Ah ! why did God build thy way so high,  
And dig mine deep in the sod ?  
Ah, why ? For the bitter love of thee  
My heart cries out against God.



But yet will I sing, O Love, O Love,  
In the dimness heavy and numb,  
And when my song is not of thee,  
Then may my lips grow dumb!

---

GOOD-NIGHT.

Oh, kiss it twice and thrice, dear love, before we lay  
it by,  
Our battle-flag, whose star cross made a glory in the  
sky!  
Oh, kiss it for the drops of blood that sanctify its  
light!  
Oh, kiss it for the dear boy's sake! Old flag! good-  
night, good-night!

For Jamie at Manassas, and Willie in the snow,  
That fell from heaven for him, he was so beautiful, you  
know!  
That fell from heaven to shroud him, and to make  
about his brow  
That fair wreath of immortelles, that we can dream of  
now;  
That fell upon his breast, and the still hands folded  
there,  
And turned to tender tears amid the beauty of his  
hair.

Then Hal at Chickamauga, our Hal, the hazel-eyed,  
The star of all our hope, Hal, the pride of all our  
*pride*;

The day-heart golden in its truth, the childlike, change-  
less faith,  
The spirit shown half scornful in the smile that lit his  
death.  
Oh, Hal, dear Hal, the golden life poured out upon  
the sod,  
In spite of that faint scorning was golden still to God.

Then Charlie in the prison, sending home a sad "good-  
by,"  
And fancying for flag-stars, the stars up in the sky ;  
And cheering on the men with his poor fevered mouth,  
Then falling back and dying, his face turned to the  
South.

Then Sam at Shiloh,—our flag, to mantle him,  
Lain down between the hill-sides, among the shadows  
dim ;  
And Johnnie, with his soldier cap just lifted from his  
head,  
And the triumph cry half uttered,—upon Fort Wagner  
—dead !  
And Lou at Missionary Ridge, by comrade hands low  
laid,  
And poor Fred at Atlanta, when the stars began to fade.

They were all our dear friends, Love, we knew their  
eyes and tread,  
And we think of them as beautiful, as if they were not  
dead ;  
Their voices come upon us, making music in the air,  
And we turn to see the old smile, and the light upon  
the hair.

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130    *"AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE."*

How sad 'tis, that the flag they served, waves not above  
their grave!

Alas! there is no wind of heaven in which our flag  
may wave.

Yet we may fancy, though its folds are buried with them  
low,

They wear its stars in heaven, for jewels on the brow.

Oh, kiss it twice, and thrice, dear Love, before we lay  
it by!

Our battle-flag, whose star cross made a glory in the  
sky!

Oh, kiss it for the drops of blood, that sanctify its  
light!

Oh, kiss it for the dear boy's sake! Old flag! good-  
night, good-night!

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*"AT THE GATE OF THE TEMPLE  
WHICH IS CALLED BEAUTIFUL."*

DAILY, I, smitten, sick of soul,  
And wearied of life, and weak,  
Go forth with the rest, as they go,  
And seek for what they seek,  
At the Gate they call Beautiful.

Daily, I turn faint away,  
While others smile and thank God;  
And wherefore? Did I not kneel and pray,  
Bowing my head till it touched the sod,  
At the Gate they call Beautiful?

The old way is worn and bitter and sad,—  
Daily, one goes forth to the new,  
With a great light in his face. Oh, me !  
They that were many, now are few,  
At the Gate they call Beautiful.

Wherefore do I go the old way,  
With young feet hastening beside mine old ?  
None heed me, none ! as I crouch alway,  
Miserable, hopeless, poor, and cold,  
At the Gate they call Beautiful.

If only one would say to me,  
With that light on the lips, they wear when they speak,  
If only one would say to me,  
"Wait, poor heart, you shall find what you seek,  
At the Gate they call Beautiful,"

I would look up and pray anew,  
As I prayed, when I first knew how to pray,  
And my false life would burn into true,  
And my feet never could falter away  
From the Gate they call Beautiful.

When will He come, whom the nation waits,  
With a crown on His brow, less flow'r than thorn ?  
Would He put forth His hand to the head grown old  
With long waiting, stricken with anguish and scorn,  
At the Gate they call Beautiful ?

I know when He comes, that the earth shall smile,  
The weak, sin-bound, be loosed from their sin ;  
And I, may not I, too, crawl to His feet ?  
Ah, what should the God-hand lead me in  
The Great Gate called Beautiful !

## A LOST FRIEND.

THERE came a new strain on life's echoing string,  
Thrilling and melting into cadence deep,—  
The golden glimmer of an angel's wing,  
That brightened all my life-path in its sweep.  
In the bright-tinted days, when Autumn smiles  
Her last sad smile before the Winter's tears,  
A new light glimmered for a little while,  
A rainbow spanned (I thought) the coming years.

A new thought woke me in the dewy morn,  
A fond hand drew me gently to new ways,  
A new voice toned my dreams from dark to dawn,  
A new smile made a sunshine in dim days.  
A new, sweet counsel guided all my heart,  
Spoken from lips, fair with the dew of truth ;  
A new kiss chased the tear-drops that might start,  
A new bliss crept into my cheerless youth.

Ah ! Hope and Love, what are ye, once so bright,  
Speaking the future one joy without end ?  
And yet, I will not seek to dim your light,  
'Twas well that ye departed with my friend !  
Two dreary autumns now have shed their leaves,  
Since fluttered past that leaf of friendship's crown,  
And still my weary, saddened spirit grieves,  
And tear-drops with the autumn leaves fall down ;  
For now there is less light in morn and even,  
The earth is waxen dim without her smile.

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Perhaps 'tis brighter far away in heaven,  
 But ah ! 'tis darker, darker here the while.  
 Oh, autumn leaves ! I know where ye are falling,  
 Bright messengers borne on this windy wave,  
 That ever in sad cadences is calling.  
 Oh, autumn leaves ! your glory to her grave !  
 'Tis better so ; the angel ones are singing,—  
 What matter if we erring mortals weep ?  
 The echoes of their voices gladly ringing,  
 Make music o'er the sad soul's heaving deep.

\* \* \* \* \*

A winsome maiden was she, and her eyes  
 Always reflected heaven in their glow ;  
 I used to think earth half a Paradise  
 The little while she dwelt with us below.  
 How if we drop a gem into the sea,—  
 The sea that always mirrors heav'n afar,—  
 And sudden find the waves have set it free,  
 And see it decking heaven's brow—a star !  
 What do we feel then,—sorrow or delight ?  
 What then have place, our smiles, or yet our tears ?  
 Ah ! is the gem in sea, or heaven most bright,  
 Whence to our eyes its fairer light appears ?

## A SONG IN SPRING.

O LOVE, if you and I were flowers,  
Like these sweet blooms you've brought to me,  
And blossomed amid fragrant bowers,  
But fairer far than these we see ;

O Love, if you and I, like these,  
Might from each other never part,  
But, lifted by the self-same breeze,  
Bloom face to face and heart to heart,

How dear this life,—all joy, all love !  
No single blast of woe or care !  
We'd catch the sunshine from above,  
And breathe the fragrance of the air.

And then so sweetly would we fade  
At autumn's melancholy strain,—  
Die, knowing where each one was laid,  
And knowing where we'd meet again.

We'd sleep the long, cold winter through,  
With not one vision of distress ;  
At spring's first call, I'd rise with you,  
Awaked to joy and Love's caress.

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## AUTUMN MUSIC.

“MOURNFULLY sing, mournfully sing  
And die away, my heart,”  
Earth’s summer-birds have taken wing,  
And thou, too, must depart.  
Earth charmed awhile, earth charmed awhile;  
Now all its joys are fled.  
The summer smile, the summer smile  
In autumn days is dead.

Mournfully sing, mournfully sing,  
Poor heart, then die away;  
Hope’s glorious spring, hope’s glorious spring  
Is cold in autumn’s clay.  
When hope is gone, when hope is gone—  
Ah! who would linger here?  
Who struggle on, who struggle on,  
Through winter’s desert drear?

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FRAGMENT.

AH! Love, remember me!  
My heart shall follow thee.  
Thou canst not go so far  
But I will go, my star!  
Like as dry land my heart shall tread the sea.



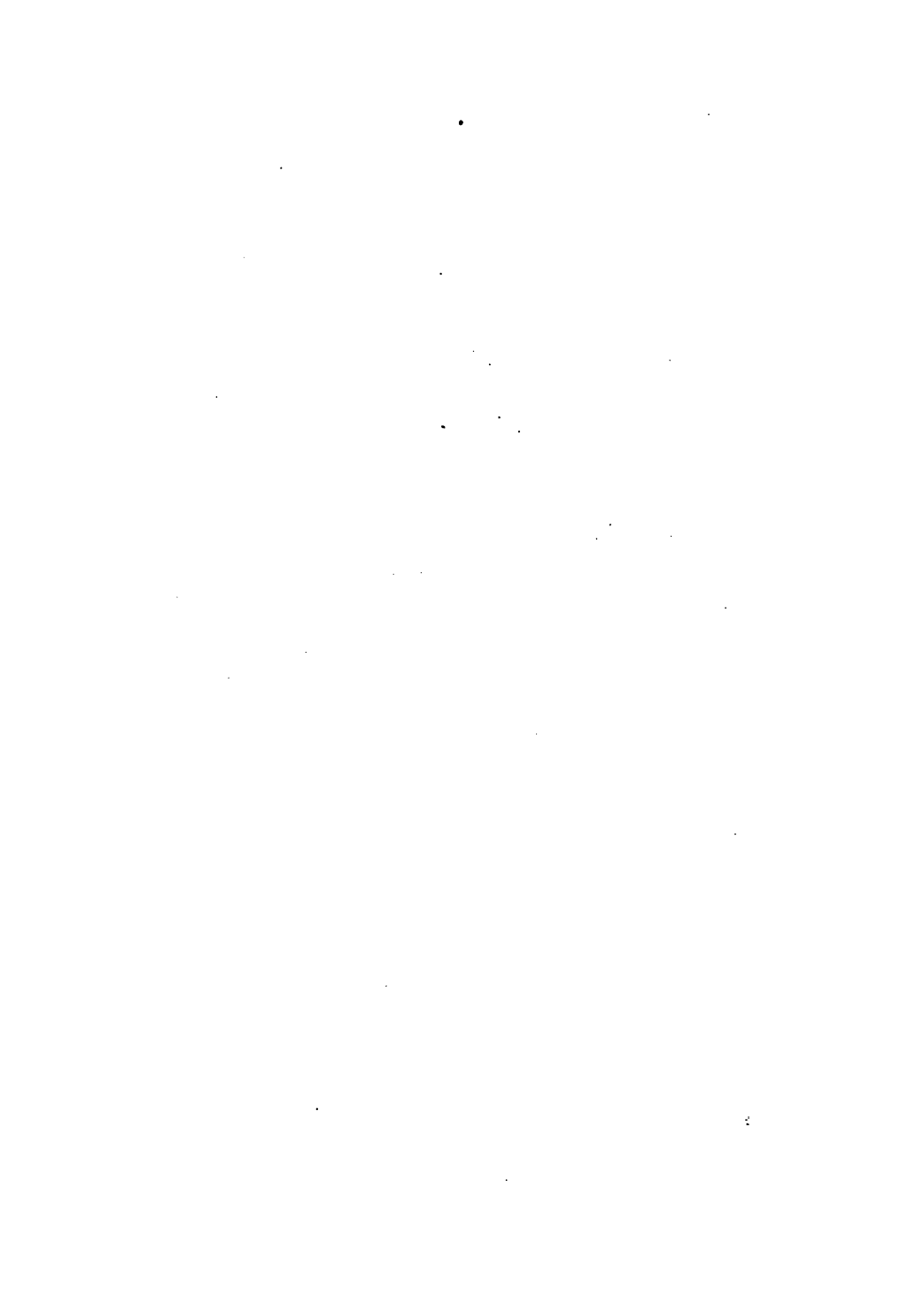
## LAMENT OF ANTONY.

AH ! whither hast thou led me, Egypt ?  
Whither, my queen ?  
Whose brow shines clear as the moon,—  
The new moon low in the East.  
Whither, sweet voice, that so oft with magical tones  
Hast bidden me to her breast ?  
Whither, great eyes, for precious stones have no light  
Thy glances beneath ?  
O Fate, O Fate, if I read thine answer aright,  
Thou sayest, “ To Death ! ”

THE END.













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